

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

NEXT week's issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE will take the form of a Shakespeare Commemoration Number, containing special articles and illustrations.

I HEAR, not on the best authority, that Mr. Hall Caine is engaged upon a novel in which Mr. Arthur Balfour will figure as the hero. By a curious coincidence it is rumoured that Mr. George Meredith is writing a story in which Mr. Chamberlain will be one of the principal characters. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is responsible for a great deal!

THE "Westminster Gazette" has been awarding prizes for original aphorisms, and has succeeded in raising some distinctly good specimens, some of which I venture to quote: "There is no God but gold, and infinite is his profit"; better still, "All is not sold that glitters"; "Only good men die," reminiscent of Lamb; and another contributor neatly sums up the history of the aphorism, "Most good sayings were originated by the ancients, elaborated by the French, and attributed to Disraeli. . . A paradox is only a platitude in fancy dress."

THE authoress of "The Gadfly" has written a novel with Siberia as the centre of interest. Mrs. Voynich knows—or should know—her subject, having for several years acted as secretary to Stepniak, and her husband, the well-known dealer in rare books, was long in exile in Siberia.

THE memorial window and tablet to Mr. R. D. Blackmore in Exeter Cathedral will be unveiled by Mr. Eden Phillpotts on Tuesday, the 26th. It has always been a matter of regret that Blackmore's fame should be so completely identified with "Lorna Doone," which may be the most exciting and stimulating of his tales, but is not superior in literary workmanship to others of his works. It has never yet been fully realised that Blackmore did for the country very much that which Dickens did for the town, his descriptions of Nature and his drawings of rustic character are always admirable; some day he will come by all his own.

A VOLUME of essays and travels, Italian in subject, by Mr. Maurice Hewlett will be published in the autumn.

HERE is the full programme of the London Shakespeare Commemoration: April 22, Friday.—At the Theatre, Burlington House, performance of "Much Ado

about Nothing," by the Elizabethan Stage Society under the direction of Mr. William Poel, 4 o'clock; preceded at 3.45 by a short address by the President, Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Tickets 5s., 3s., and (unreserved) 2s.; to



MISS DOROTHY MENPES

[Photo. Kate Pragnell, Brompton Square]

members of the League the following reduction is made: Five 5s. tickets for £1 1s.; 3s. tickets for 2s. 6d. each; 2s. tickets for 1s. 6d. each, to be obtained from the Secretary, Elizabethan Stage Society, 90 College Street.

Chelsea, S.W. April 23, Saturday ("Shakespeare Day").—A Ramble in Shakespeare's London, 2.30 p.m., including a short address by Mrs. Carmichael Stopes in the Hall of Gray's Inn. Members wishing to join this party are requested to send their names to the Secretary of the League, 49 Southwold Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W., before April 16. Shakespeare Commemoration Dinner at the Criterion Restaurant at 8 p.m.; tickets 10s. 6d.; to members 8s. 6d. Reception by the President and Council at 7.30. April 24, Sunday.—In connection with the Sunday Lecture Society, Prof. I. Gollancz will deliver a lecture at St. James' Hall, 3.30. Subject: "The Coming of Shakespeare." April 26, Tuesday.—At the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by Dr. Richard Garnett. The chair will be taken by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. April 27, Wednesday.—At the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by Rev. R. S. De Courcy Laffan, on Shakespeare's Boyhood. The chair will be taken by Mr. Sidney Lee, B.A., Litt.D. April 29, Friday.—A Shakespeare Recital by Mr. J. H. Leigh, at Steinway Hall, 3; conversazione at the Passmore Edwards Hall, Tavistock Square, at 8.30, when the President, Dr. Furnivall, will deliver a concluding address.

A VOLUME of short stories by Mr. Kipling will be issued in the autumn.

In the May number of "The Century" will appear an article on "The British Parliament from the Inside," written by Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., and illustrated by M. André Castaigne.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has completed his biography of Pope Leo XIII., and is putting the finishing touches to his new novel of Roman and Sicilian life.

HERE is a comic complaint from a Western farmer in the U.S., which I take from the "American Publishers' Weekly":

"Dear Brother,—This is not an order for books, but only to tell you beforehand, for fear I should forget, that with my next order I must insert the *proviso* that the leaves must be cut. I would also prefer the edges trimmed, so as to show that the manufacture of the book was completed, but will not contend for that. A friend took his untrimmed book to the paper cutter at our printing office, who spoiled his job; and I think he was entitled to send his book back to exchange it for a perfect copy. But he is a meek man, and did not do it.

"I am busy, and obliged to read my books by snatches. Have not paper cutters everywhere, and when I have hoped I could run my finger through successfully I have as often failed as succeeded. Served me right if I took the gambler's risk and lost. But why should the maker of the book, who by selling me the book would give me to understand that it was ready for sale, impose such a vexatious burden on me? I am in the habit of marking my books, and turning a corner of a leaf where I mark; but in an untrimmed book my marks are lost in the rags! I was quite resolved to return one of these books, with the request that the publishers kindly finish their work, and cut the leaves and trim the edges in civilised fashion; but I compromised on this letter, asking you to help me remember not to get any more unfinished books."

SOME interesting lectures have been arranged by the Sociological Society, on the 18th by Dr. E. Westermarck on "Woman in Early Civilisation," on June 20 by Professor E. Durkheim "On the Relation of Sociology to the Social Sciences and to Philosophy," and on July 18 by Mr. Patrick Geddes on "Civics as Applied Sociology."

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES is preparing the introduction to a selection from the writings of President Roosevelt, designed for use as a reader in schools, to be published by Messrs. Scribner.

AN American literary paper points out that Villon has a successor in a present-day French burglar, who is the author of a lyric of which the following are two stanzas:

"I reign as master in the woods,
The rich man's purse belongs to me;
When falls the night, alack for him!
I ease him of his property.

What matters conscience here below?
Its voice to me is no command.
The law is gold and it belongs
To him who has the strongest hand."

MR. HALL CAINE'S novel "The Prodigal Son" will be published in America by Messrs. Appleton. Iceland, Paris and London will occupy prominent places in the new story.

THE arrangements of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) for the summer term are announced. Among the lecturers may be named Sir Frank Swettenham and Mr. Sidney Webb on Public Administration, Mr. W. M. Ackworth on Railway Economics, Professor Laurence R. Dicksee on Accountancy, Mr. Hubert Hall on History, Palæography and Diplomatic, and Mr. H. J. Mackinder on Economic Geography. Full details can be obtained from the Director of the School, Clare Market, W.C.

MR. ARCHIE F. WEBLING has written a delightful paper "On Browsing in a Library" in "Temple Bar." He is evidently gifted with the true spirit of a bookman, literature to him is a love, his books are his intimate friends, even the manner in which he acquires his intimates is dear to him, as is witnessed to in the following passage:

"Who, save he that knows it, can tell of the romantic pleasure of picking up books on stalls and at old tumble-down shops? (Suffer me, O Booksellers' Row, to shed one tear to thy memory!) The cheerful anticipations that are aroused as one contemplates the heap that may contain the treasure! The lordly air with which one examines the worthless tomes and casts them aside, or pauses to peruse some interesting page, supremely disdainful of the proprietor's oft-repeated information, 'Tanner each, all the lot on the stall!' But I must linger no longer on this topic, save to add that the remembrance of these things is no small part of the pleasure of browsing."

There are others of us who have a cosy corner in our memories for Booksellers' Row; there is no narrow street now where old bookshops do congregate; Charing Cross Road is too wide and too noisy for the bookworm.

IN "Scribner's" there is also a delightful burlesque "Experiment in Modern Pedagogics," a quotation from which will be forgiven:

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

Baa, baa, black sheep,	1
Have you any wool?	2
Yes, marry, have I,	3
Three bags full;	4
One for my master,	5
And one for my dame,	6
But none for the little boy	7
Who cries in the lane.	8

L. 1.—"Baa, baa." A favourite phrase in olden times, and still in current use; probably derived from the Latin "*beo*," to make happy.

Was the sheep black by nature, or only for the sake of alliteration?

L. 3—"marry." A curious use of the word, probably suggested by the preceding answer, "Yes."

L. 4—"Three bags full." An allusion to Æolus, King of the Winds.

L. 7 and 8—Note the ingenious device by which the ethical lesson is conveyed.

Study the text carefully and calculate accurately what was done with the third bag. Take into consideration all the possibilities; i.e., the bag may have been divided among many, or the little boy may have stopped crying.

THE new Irish periodical "*Dana*" will make its bow on April 25, the first number containing, among other matter, the first of a series of "Moods and Memories," by Mr. George Moore, and contributions by Professor Dowden, John Eglinton, Edward Dujardin and F. Ryan. The price will be sixpence, and Mr. David Nutt will be the London and Messrs. Hodges, Figgis & Co. the Dublin publishers.

Bibliographical

MUCH as she published, the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe can hardly be said to have come in contact with pure literature, unless we count her little book called "*The Friend of Man, and his Friends the Poets*" (1889), which, if I remember rightly, was a sort of prose-and-verse anthology having for its subject the Dog in history. It has also to be recorded of her that she edited the collected works of Theodore Parker (1863). For the rest, leaving out of the question her anti-vivisectionist pamphlets, we find that the most solid of her publications were "*An Essay on Intuitive Morals*" (1855, fourth edition 1902), "*The Pursuits of Women*" (1863), "*Religious Duty*" (1864, 1894), "*Broken Lights: an Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith*" (1864), "*Studies New and Old of Ethical and Social Subjects*" (1865), "*Dawning Lights: an Inquiry Concerning the Secular Results of the New Reformation*" (1868, 1894), "*Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays*" (1872), "*The Hopes of the Human Race, Hereafter and Here*" (1874, 1894), "*The Duties of Women*" (1881, 1894), "*The Peak in Darien, with some other Inquiries touching Concerns of the Soul and the Body*" (1882, 1894), and "*The Scientific Spirit of the Age, and Other Pleas and Discussions*" (1888). Two brochures, entitled "*A Faithless World*" (1885) and "*Health and Holiness*" (1891), appear to have been popular, for they were reprinted in one volume in 1894, the year which witnessed the issue of her "*Life, by Herself*." In 1876 Miss Cobbe published in volume form, under the happy title of "*Re-Echoes*," a series of papers which she had contributed to the "*Echo*" newspaper. This, perhaps, is the most thoroughly readable of all her publications.

It is interesting to note that Messrs. Methuen propose to include in their "*Little Library*" a "*Little Book of Artemus Ward*." The middle-aged among us remember very well the enormous vogue which was enjoyed by the American humorist during the late 'sixties and the early 'seventies. It was in 1865 that George Augustus Sala introduced to the English public "*Artemus Ward his Book; or the Confessions and Experiences of a*

Showman." Two years later came a "people's edition" of the "*Book*," with a "life" of the author (Charles Farrer Browne). Then came Browne's visit to England, and his lecture at the Egyptian Hall on the subject of the Mormons—the latter being published in 1869 under the editorship of T. W. Robertson and E. P. Hingston, each of whom contributed an introduction. During his brief stay in England Browne wrote some articles for "*Punch*," and these were reprinted, with other sketches, in 1870, under the title of "*Artemus Ward in London*." Lastly, we had, in 1871, "*The Complete Works of Charles Farrer Browne*," with a portrait of the author and a preface from the pen of J. C. Hotten. The Egyptian Hall lecture at least had the merit of making it clear that Browne's humour did not depend for its success upon the bad spelling and Yankee colloquialisms of "*Artemus Ward his Book*." It was not humour of the first or even of the second class, but it was genuine enough in its way, and the forthcoming specimens of it should be welcome.

In writing his memoir of Rossetti Mr. A. C. Benson has been *felix opportunitate*. His predecessor, Mr. Knight, who wrote the volume on Rossetti for the "*Great Writers*" series (1887), was not quite so fortunate. Mr. Benson is able to print an imposing list of "authorities," most of them recent, for the literature of Rossetti has grown large of late years. Nevertheless, Mr. Knight was not badly off for material. He had the "*Record and Study*" by Mr. W. Sharp, and the "*Recollections*" by Mr. Hall Caine, both published in 1882. He had three invaluable articles by Mr. Watts-Dunton—the obituary notice in "*The Athenæum*," "*The Truth about Rossetti*" (in the "*Nineteenth Century*," 1883), and the biographical sketch in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" (1886); also sundry magazine papers by W. J. Stillman, Mr. Holman Hunt and others. Moreover, through Ford Madox Brown and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Knight had access to Rossetti's correspondence; he had assistance from certain of the poet-painter's "early associates"; and he was personally acquainted with Rossetti—an advantage which, I believe, Mr. Benson has not enjoyed.

Mr. John Coleman, the veteran actor and manager, has broken down in health just on the eve of the publication of his Autobiography. He has been one of the "literary" players, and has written, either alone or in collaboration, a large number of dramas. Seven printed works also stand to his credit at this moment. Four of these are works of fiction—"Curly: an Actor's Story" (1885), "*The Rival Queens: a Story of the Modern Stage*" (1887), "*The White Lady of Rosemount*" (1891, 1896), and "*Wife, yet no Wife: a Story of To-day*" (1892). The other three are of the nature of professional reminiscences—"Memoirs of Samuel Phelps" (1886), "*Players and Playwrights I have known*" (1888), and "*Charles Reade as I knew Him*" (1903). It should be added that Mr. Coleman collaborated with Mr. J. C. Chute in a story called "*Gladys' Peril*" (1886).

"In the course of the introduction he has written for '*An Eighteenth-Century Anthology*,' Mr. Alfred Austin," writes a correspondent, "speaks of 'Matthew Arnold's phrase, 'Reason touched by emotion.' I have always been under the impression that Arnold's phrase was 'morality touched by emotion,' and that this was his description of religion. I should be glad if one of your 'Arnoldian' readers would settle this point for me, and, if possible, mention the place where the phrase may be found."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Great Letter Writer

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM COWPER. Arranged by Thomas Wright. In four volumes. (Hodder & Stoughton. £3 3s. net.)

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, the Principal of Cowper School, Olney, not content with his labours in the cause of Edward FitzGerald, has spent some years of pious energy in collating and editing the correspondence of William Cowper. The result of his work is now apparent in four stout volumes which have just been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The collation has been excellently done, for it can have been no easy task to collect and arrange this huge mass of correspondence, covering the period between 1753 and 1799. The editing and annotating, one has to confess, are less satisfying. Perhaps Mr. Wright was anxious to avoid the repetition of such a "howler" as his description, in the Life of FitzGerald, of the "Mahabharata" as a Persian poem. Certainly he has been meticulously careful—almost, one might say, to the point of indiscretion—in his annotations. It is not often that one has to complain of an editor's modesty, but Mr. Wright has carried his reticence a little too far. He has left a thousand references unexplained; and, indeed, one is almost tempted to think that he set about his work with the preconception that of the readers who might still care to study Cowper in his habit as he lived, not many would be at the pains to inquire very closely into the domestic details which form so large a part of his correspondence. He was probably in the right, for it is hard to suppose that the gentle author of "The Task" appeals to-day to any considerable body of readers. But it must be said at least that Mr. Wright atones for the exiguity of his notes by the fervency of his prefatory praise. Only a strong man, it may be thought, should provoke his critics by an initial line that cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged; and when Mr. Wright asserts that Cowper was the greatest of English letter writers, he must have expected—unless he is an extremely ingenuous person indeed—that the statement would prove very irritating to all lovers of Lamb, FitzGerald, and at least two other scribes of genius.

Yet it would be unfair and unfortunate if we conveyed the impression that Mr. Wright has laboured in vain. The letters which he has here collected will seem priceless to the elect few who still recognise that Cowper is a poet whose place on the middle slopes of Parnassus is well assured, and see in him a curiously interesting example of morbid psychology. His days were more spacious than our own, and afforded ampler opportunities for the encouragement and practice of that art of polite letter writing which has entirely ceased to be an occupation of the leisured and (so-called) cultured classes. Cowper, certainly in his sunniest moods, was a charming correspondent, whose letters were full of those agreeable digressions and inconsequences that are of the essence of literary intercourse. His letters to Hayley, to Lady Hesketh, to Newton, cover practically the whole gamut of emotions permissible in letters, and prove the liveliness of his interests and the width of his sympathies. The previous editors of Cowper's correspondence, as Mr. Wright properly points out, did not scruple to mutilate their material in such fashion as to

leave on their readers a general impression that the author of "John Gilpin" had no sense of humour. Mr. Wright deserves our gratitude for his careful restorations of the text, as well as for the inclusion of many letters hitherto unprinted. The most noteworthy are perhaps those addressed to Samuel Teedon, the worthy schoolmaster whose virtue was more than equalled by his dulness. Surely no such tedious person ever crept into the confidence of a genial and humorous man. Cowper's letters to him are peculiarly interesting as marking the progress of his distressing mental malady. Both men seem to have thought themselves the object of the Divine particular attention; but whereas Teedon placidly believed himself especially beloved of God, Cowper came more and more to think himself given over by God to the Devil. "My days are spent without one symptom of spiritual life, and my nights not seldom under a constant sense of God's contempt and abhorrence. Such was the last night. You will say that it was an enemy that did this. I answer, true; but you and I differ about the person. You suppose him to be Satan, and I suppose him to be Satan's master." That letter, dated February 10, 1792, is very typical of the whole series, which is one unending cry of agony wrung from the tortured lips of a man given so completely over to the demons of insanity that, though he believed in a God, he believed Him a cruel one. Most pitiful of all are the final letters written when the shadow of death was close upon him. To Lady Hesketh, in 1796, he writes: "All my themes of misery may be summed in one word, He who made me, regrets that ever He did. Many years have passed since I learned this terrible truth from Himself, and the interval has been spent accordingly." Again and again he repeats that he is writing to her for the last time, and one is glad to believe that though his despair bore some likeness to that engendered by the most hateful of all religious creeds, it was in his case the outcome only of madness. Happily for the reader the great bulk of the letters in these volumes is more cheerful and stimulating, and except for the two or three points of detail to which allusion has already been made, it is possible, and indeed imperative, to say that Mr. Wright has earned the warmest gratitude of the lovers, few but fit, of this most tragic personality.

SIDNEY THOMPSON.

A Northern Professor

BEATTIE AND HIS FRIENDS. By Margaret Forbes. (Constable. 15s. net.)

BEATTIE WAS one of the fortunate men who garnered a rich harvest of fame in their lifetime and died in the somewhat delusive belief that their memory would be fondly cherished. The essay that made his reputation is neglected now, and his "Minstrel" is seldom read and never quoted. Yet he was not undeserving of that reputation both as philosopher and poet, and his must have been a singularly engaging personality. "Lamented Forbes" had "paid the last tribute to the Minstrel's shade," and we fancied that the last word had been said on the subject. Yet we heartily welcome the present volume for the wide circle of old acquaintances to which we are reintroduced, and we are surprised at the wealth of new material it contains. It will be specially welcome

to Scotch folk and more especially to Aberdonians, for Miss Forbes was exceptionally fitted for her task. A great-grandniece of Beattie, herself the daughter of a professor and dignified divine whom, as it happens, we can remember, she was imbued with all the traditions of the northern University, and was familiar with the poet-philosopher's favourite haunts. Beattie flourished when Edinburgh was really the Northern Athens, and when there was a constellation of minor Northern lights flickering at Aberdeen. His own career was a remarkable one and he had marvellously good luck. The state of Scottish learning was then as Johnson described it—as in a beleaguered city, every one had a little and no one a superfluity. Clever boys were forced because poverty pressed. Beattie went to college at fourteen; was a parish schoolmaster at eighteen, and a full-blown professor at twenty-three. As logician and controversialist he was but indifferently equipped when he boldly entered the lists against Hume as the champion of religion. But he showed the courage which was lacking in other defenders of the faith; his graceful style was warmed by the fire of intense enthusiasm, and the "Essay on Truth" at once made him famous. Johnson, a hard hitter himself, praised Beattie for the disrespect he showed to his illustrious opponent, who was hand in glove with Robertson, Carlyle and other orthodox clergymen, while the animosity it provoked among Hume's innumerable friends obtained it a wider circulation. It was praised as enthusiastically by Garrick as by Burke, and it gained the author the ardent patronage of Mrs. Montagu, who became godmother to his second boy.

Thenceforth the roughly-bred Northern professor on his frequent visits to London was the lion of literary salons and the honoured guest of the great. The volume is full of the flattering letters addressed to him by illustrious men and women, and it says much for his genial and retiring nature that he was never spoiled by flattery and prosperity. With all his prosperity he had more than his share of troubles. The wife whom Johnson pronounced "a lovely woman" became insane; he lost the sons to whom he was fondly attached; in his latter days vertigo confused his brain, rheumatism paralysed his hand and paralysis affected his speech. He was always in straitened circumstances, for even after he had been granted a pension by Government his income with the professorial emoluments fell far short of four hundred pounds. But to the last he had all the consolations of friendship, for he never seems to have lost one of the many friends he made. To the last he had urgent invitations to many a stately country house, and nowhere had the confirmed invalid a warmer welcome than in Gordon Castle with the gay Duchess, famous as a leader of fashion and for a careless contempt for the *convenances*.

A. INNES SHAND.

"Blocus Continental"

L'EUROPE ET LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE. Par Albert Sorel. Part VII. (Plon et Cie.)

THE seventh volume of M. Sorel's great work comes with surprising speed after the sixth, which dealt with the complex period, 1800-1805. The present instalment covers the still vaster epoch of the Napoleonic Empire, from the Battle of Austerlitz to the retreat from Moscow. Adequately to treat the fortunes of the great Powers alone would be impossible in the space of six hundred pages; and students of M. Sorel's earlier volumes, which shed so much light on the relations of revolutionary France to the rest of Europe, cannot but

deprecate the falling off in thoroughness that has been only too apparent in the last two volumes. The same clearness of presentment and felicity of touch are, however, everywhere observable.

The volume opens with a description of the bewildering change in international relations brought about by the victory of Austerlitz. The weakness of the Czar Alexander, the cowardice of the Prussian envoy, Haugwitz, and the vacillations of Frederick William III. are so depicted as to stand out in strong relief against the clearness of aim and vigour in action displayed by the conqueror. What M. Sorel does not bring out is the greatness of the opportunity, which Napoleon threw away after his victory, of framing a Franco-Austrian alliance on sure foundations. The chance came once again, and then the Emperor profited by it, though not in such a way as to heal the *amour-propre* of the Hapsburgs as he might have done after Austerlitz. M. Sorel also fails to emphasise the importance which Napoleon then attached to a control of the seaboard of Northern Europe. After Trafalgar, there was but one way of meeting England, namely, by bringing North Germany and Prussia into the Napoleonic System, either by a friendly arrangement or by force. The convention signed with Haugwitz after Austerlitz promised to bring about that result peacefully. It was not to be attained until after the campaigns of Jena and Friedland.

In the limits of space of the present notice it is impossible to refer to more than a few of the many topics discussed in this volume. Its main interest lies in the treatment of diplomatic affairs. Economic questions are handled too briefly to be of service to students. The phrase, "Blocus Continental," appears on the title page, but that grandiose experiment receives scant notice, though it was the fundamental cause of Napoleon's downfall. It is a mere piece of Gallic *fanfaronnade* to speak thus (p. 501) of Britain's command of the seas: "Ses flottes portent partout la terreur du despotisme britannique, et, là où l'Angleterre ne règne pas par la force, elle règne par la contrebande." Other flights of rhetoric follow, with the design of proving that, even in these years, France was bent on extending the principles of good government throughout the Continent only to be thwarted at every turn by the self-seeking islanders. In truth, British affairs are often handled with little care in this volume. Pitt's resignation, in March 1801, is referred to as a "fall," due to Marengo, Hohenlinden and the Treaty of Lunéville. Fox, on taking office in 1806, is said to have worked for peace insincerely, and merely in order to embarrass Napoleon and to "play to the gallery" in England. Lord Yarmouth, who in reality showed himself too pliable during the negotiations at Paris, is accused of showing "toute l'arrogance d'un Anglais de race"; and the bad faith shown by the French negotiators in the affair of Sicily is slurred over. Too frequently there is a touch of Chauvinism in M. Sorel's account of military affairs, as when Junot's defeat at Vimeiro is minimised by the statement that he had but 9,000 men, which is 4,000 below the actual number; or when (p. 518) the Battle of Busaco is thus oddly referred to: "A Busaco il [Masséna] oblige Wellington à se replier derrière ses lignes de Torres-Vedras." Marbot is not remarkable for truthfulness; but his account of Busaco may here be recommended as a needed corrective. But, above these mistakes on points of detail, M. Sorel's narrative is open to the more serious objection that it minimises the distinction which ought to be drawn between Napoleon's continental policy and the highest and most permanent interests of France.

King Oscar's Land

NEW LAND: FOUR YEARS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS. By Otto Sverdrup, translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. (Longmans. Two volumes. 36s. net.)

"ONE September morning in 1896, a few days after our return from the first Norwegian Polar Expedition, we were lying out in Lysaker Bay, unloading the 'Fram,' when Dr. Nansen came on board. 'Do you still wish to go on another expedition to the North?' he asked me. 'Yes, certainly,' I said, 'if only I had the chance!' He then told me that Consul Axel Heiberg, and the firm of brewers, Ringnes Brothers, were willing to equip a new scientific Polar Expedition, with myself as the leader."

Thus succinctly and modestly does Sverdrup introduce his two volumes of Arctic Exploration, volumes fully equalling, if not exceeding, any previous books on this most fascinating topic in interest, variety and information. That the choice of Sverdrup as leader was fully justified is shown by the net result of the expedition. An approximate area of one hundred thousand square miles was explored, taken possession of in the name of the Norwegian King, and christened after him, "King Oscar's Land." The scientific results as embodied in the appendices to the second volume are full of new data and suggestive information, particularly the summary of the botanical work by Hermann G. Simmons, and the preliminary account of the geological investigations, by P. Schei. There are also five good maps, the largest of which, showing the field of work of the expedition, is rich in detail of hitherto unexplored regions. Finally a curiously interesting table gives the cost of the four years' expedition as £12,014; a sum which strikes the non-expert as extraordinarily economical.

The dominant note throughout the thousand pages of this book is that of geniality. Captain, officers and crew seem to have been brimming over with good spirits, and not even the long Arctic winters, the almost endless nights, the inevitable monotony and the terribly hard manual labour which one and all ungrudgingly undertook would seem to have depressed their buoyancy. The national Norwegian days of festival were kept up with rejoicing and quaint ceremonies, birthdays were celebrated with songs, such mild feasting as was possible, practical joking and general hilarity. Altogether no cheerier set of men ever passed four years together with so little trouble or friction. Two of their number succumbed to the Arctic rigour; one of them, Svendsen, the doctor of the expedition, who had certified to all the others being sound in wind and limb, forgot or omitted to examine himself, and for two-thirds of the time the ship was doctorless.

The 17th of May is the Norwegian Independence or Constitution Day; dinner on that occasion consisted of oxtail soup (real polar), the national fish pudding, roast beef (also real polar), asparagus, stewed cloudberries, and rice with jam. The wines were ten-year-old "Akvavit"—and malt-extract. These very rare jollifications were, however, set off by many long months of privation, and it seems almost incredible that the men should have kept strong and hearty through all the dreary months of the four Arctic winters.

Edvard Bay, the zoologist to the expedition, appears to have been a fellow of infinite jest. Sverdrup says, "There was something amphibious about Bay—something of the wader nature. When he had to cross a pool he had a habit of first sitting on the edge and

dangling his legs so as to thoroughly enjoy the cold water. Then, when he had sat like this for a little while, he would get down and wade cautiously through it with short steps, and he was never more in his element than when the water was running in and out of his waistcoat pockets."

As always in the Scandinavian nature there is a vein of poetry even in this practical account of hardships overcome and dangers overpast. Of a particularly beautiful Arctic view Sverdrup writes, "Right beneath us lay the fjord, broad and shining, without so much as a flake of snow on it, only ice, nothing but ice, crystal clear, like a huge fairy mirror. And the other side of the fjord was a great chain of mountains, several thousand feet in height, with snow-filled clefts and black abysses, jagged peaks, and wild precipices. A confounded blast was blowing up there, right through all poetry, and yet we stayed—spellbound. Had we been warm and less hungry, there is no knowing what we might have done—stood on our heads, or written verses, or some other madness, I am quite sure. The situation, at any rate, taught me one thing, and I had had experience of it before: if you are confronted with a great sensation, or a difficult choice, eat first, and eat well, or else nothing will come of it."

The "Fram" on this her second Arctic expedition seems to have behaved magnificently, though at one period—it was on Sunday, May 27, 1900—she only just escaped destruction by fire and the terrible half-hour's experience before the flames were subdued is most graphically described. The many hundreds of illustrations throughout the book, mostly from photographs, but some few reproduced from excellent drawings by Otto Sinding, are highly interesting, and the index is full and useful. The translation from Norwegian into English by Ethel Harriet Hearn cannot be overpraised, it is simple, direct and fluent. The many sporting and technical terms are entirely accurate, and there are in fact no signs that the work was not written in English.

Jim

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF. By Hutchins Hapgood. (Putnam. 6s.)

WHETHER this book be fact or fiction, it is a very interesting study in criminology. It purports to be the autobiography of an ex-convict, who was born on the East Side of New York city, and who—the cleverest and most intelligent of his family—preferred the easily won prizes of crime to the hardly earned reward of honesty. The fact, borne in on him by incontrovertible evidence, that war against society always results in ruin to the offender, the fact that crime does not pay, turned him to reformation. The book is written from voluminous notes made by Mr. Hapgood from Jim's, the convict's, dictation, and no student of sociology can afford to ignore it, for though it tells us little that is fresh it confirms many matters that heretofore have been conjectural. Jim had every bodily and mental equipment required for the making of a useful citizen; why, then, did he take to crime? He was not a thief by instinct or by education; he himself gives us the key to the ruin of many a man and woman who might in other circumstances have done good instead of evil. "I liked to run the risk of being discovered," he says, and again, "I think that there was some good in me. . . . What I really was was a healthy young animal, with a vivid imagination and a strong body." Just so; there are thousands like to him, and to such what attraction can there be in the dreary life of routine led by the workers in our cities? What of

excitement, what of risk, what outlet for the imagination, for mental or for bodily vigour? It is not only the lust of easy gain but the lust of excitement that creates criminals. It is difficult to point out any way for helping such boys to go the right road, emigration, service in the Army and the Navy are limited cures and can usually be offered to the sick too late to be either acceptable or effective. Truly the life of the poor city lad, from cradle to grave, is monotonous and colourless. Education is the remaining hope, and it was chiefly through education—self-education—that Jim found strength to turn away from crime; self-education, for no more in New York than in London do we really educate the young; in almost, if not quite all, countries we are content with putting the means of education into our children's hands, we teach them to read and write and tot up figures, leaving them to find education as best they may; the majority finding none.

Space forbids an analysis of this most instructive book, which must be read if its value is to be rightly appraised. To show its power and the information of which it is compact, the following passage will suffice. It is descriptive of Jim's return to his old haunts in New York after a long spell of imprisonment:—"I soon reached the Bowery and there met some of my old pals; but was much surprised to find them changed and older. For years and years a convict lives in a dream. He is isolated from the realities of the outside world. In stir (prison) he is a machine, and his mind is continually dwelling on the last time he was at liberty; he thinks of his family and friends as they were then. They may have become old, sickly and wrinkled, but he does not realise this. When, set free, he tries to find them, he expects that they will be unchanged, but if he finds them at all, what a shock! An old-timer I knew, a man named Packey, who had served fifteen years out of a life sentence, and had been twice declared insane, told me that he had reached a state of mind in which he imagined himself to be still a young fellow, of the age he was when he first went to stir." W. T. S.

ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES. By C. Lewis Hind. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. LEWIS HIND is to be congratulated upon his publishers; for his essays on art, collected into book form, wear a handsome dress, and the print and binding are a delight. The illustrations are not quite as good as they would have been if Mr. Hind had exercised as much care over them as he did upon the pages of the "Pall Mall Budget" when he made that weekly paper the glory of illustrated journalism. But let us to the essays themselves. Mr. Hind shows at times a touch that is quite exquisite in the criticism of a work of art; he lingers over his favourites with all the delicious delight that betrays the true art-lover; and he displays a rare sense of artistic appreciation. Yet, across his page there is a strange sense of mere whim rather than of balanced judgment. Henley in his strange strong way had something of this temperament. I am not sure that it does not make the greater art-lover, though it make the criticism less just. Indeed, the partisan is in us all who love the work of man's hand, even the most coldly judicial of us. And for myself, I have ever a sneaking fondness for the man who, though his intention at the start is to try a work of art like a prisoner at the bar, ends by loving the best that is in it, and ignoring the weaknesses. Mr. Hind affects the magisterial manner, but his heart runs away with him; and it is when he is least well-balanced, least in the academic vein, that

he drops into little passages of genuine praise that shine like gems in this very unequal book. It will be said that he flatly contradicts himself—as when he condemns "subject" in art, and praises it almost before the condemnation is dry from his pen—but there is scarcely a man who has ever written upon art, especially upon the art of painting, who has been able to start with a satisfactory definition of the basic meaning of the word. I know nothing more elusive than the judgments of men upon art. And it is chiefly owing to the fact that criticism cannot, indeed fears to, write across the old Greek dogma of art being beauty that it is an outrageous falsity. Mr. Hind says that a work of art is that which gives pleasure. But a work of art is far greater than that. "Othello" does not give pleasure, or "King Lear," or even "Romeo and Juliet." As a matter of fact, art is the expression of emotion, of sensation. And had Mr. Hind started his essays with that deep truth for guidance, many of his most exquisite passages would have been in harmony where they are now beautifully anarchic. He who reads this volume will be in many ways rewarded; for we quarrel with our friends without bitterness, and there is a quality in these essays that leaves us on friendly terms even when we most disagree.

HALDANE MACFALL.

STUDIES IN DANTE. By Dr. Edward Moore. (Oxford Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE first essay in this volume, on the astronomy of Dante, will convince the student of the Comedy of the extraordinary fulness and accuracy of Dante's knowledge of the *apparent* movements of the heavenly bodies, and, if we mistake not, he will feel some shame that he, living under the Copernican dispensation, should have so much to learn from a pupil of the Ptolemaic. Be this as it may, much of the Comedy will remain closely veiled to the student who will not take the trouble to understand Dante's numerous astronomical references. The second essay is on Geography, the third on the date of the Vision, the fourth on the closing cantos of the Second Cantic, and the last on the epistle to Can Grande. On all these matters Dr. Moore adds considerably to our "stock" knowledge and speculations. The general tendency of the essays as a whole is to strengthen by fresh arguments and material the conservative interpretations of the perplexing passages. In one instance, however, Dr. Moore advances a theory which is more ingenious than convincing. In the last canto of the Purgatory Dante prophesies that a 515 shall quickly come to save Italy from her ills. Substituting Roman numerals and inverting the X and V—a common practice in mediæval ages—we get DUX: so this passage is generally understood to refer to Lewis of Bavaria or Henry VII. of Luxembourg. Dr. Moore is convinced that not only does this prophecy refer to Henry, but shows how 515 may be made to spell "Arrigo" or Henry by giving the equivalent Hebrew values to these letters. Writing Arrico (where c=k) he obtains by addition a, r, r i k, 511. This is, however, four short of 515, and since "o" is the fourth vowel, what more natural than to give to "o" the value 4, and so bring up the total to the desired 515? The weak point in the argument is that Henry died in August, 1313, and therefore if we assume, as we must, that the prophecy is *ex post facto*, we have to prove that the Purgatorio was completed before this date even though a certain passage in the Inferno must certainly, as Dr. Moore admits, have been written not earlier than 1314. Here we must leave the argument

and wait until scholarship finally proves that the Purgatorio antedated Henry's death.

The essay dealing with the Apocalyptic vision maintains that the Griphon symbolised Christ, in opposition to Dr. Earle's contention that Dante meant this beast to represent Humanity.

F. KETTLE.

NEWMAN. By Dr. William Barry. (Literary Lives Series. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL has been happy in his choice of Dr. Barry as the literary interpreter of Cardinal Newman in this series. Here we see that versatile ecclesiastic quite at his best. Here his exceptional familiarity with European literature and his knowledge of the Greek and neo-Hellenist philosophers are enlisted side by side with the intimate sympathy of a lifelong disciple to furnish an almost ideal historian. It would be easy to say that in his pages we see less of Newman the man of letters than of Newman the theologian, Newman the apologist, Newman the controversialist: it would be easier still to find the answer. For Newman is a personality one and indivisible. He passed, indeed, in boyhood through the mimetic stage. At fourteen he was imitating Addison; when he was seventeen he wrote in the style of Johnson; then he fell under the charm of Gibbon and began to make an analysis of Thucydides upon that model. But this stage was left behind earlier by him than by many another, and his mature style was the expression of himself, born of conviction, of the sheer will to say the thing he thought and to compel men to listen and to understand. To apply to himself his own words, "the mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic are imaged in the tenderness or energy or richness of his language." The perfection of his achievement is "the monument not so much of his skill as of his power."

It is a notable fact that within the present year a firm of publishers has thought it worth while to issue a sixpenny edition of the "Apologia pro Vita sua." There are many to whom Newman is known by nothing else. It is more than likely that with the process of time the greater part of his writings may pass out of currency; but the "Apologia" we may well believe will be read as long as the language in which it is written. Not, indeed, that alone. No one who has once felt the charm of the "Essay on Development," with its notable anticipation in another field of the hypothesis that glorifies the name of Darwin, will be willing to believe that future generations will wholly ignore it. The lectures associated with the Catholic University of Ireland have lately been reprinted, and there are passages of the "Tracts for the Times" and in the Sermons which already have been diligently exhumed from the mass of occasional matter in which they were embedded. But the qualities that grace all this are found to culminate in the sacred sincerity of that unveiling.

Between Newman the poet and other poets there is a difference parallel to that by which he is distinguished as a prose writer from the mere masters of style. Whatever the technical faults of "Gerontius," it is the expression of ultimate conviction. Here is the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas assimilated and expressed. Its conceptions are no mere machinery, but the stern truth of fact: "real," as Dr. Barry puts it, "in a way which transcends seeming, beyond Nature yet ever mingling with it." Yet it will always seem but a by-blow of a genius that had fashioned for itself out of the English of every day a language that, always sincere, was

wrought up little by little to a finish and refinement, a strength and subtlety that may well secure it against corruption long after the questions upon which it was employed shall have ceased, at least in the shape which they bore in his age, to be of living interest.

THE OLD RIDDLE AND THE NEWEST ANSWER. By John Gerard, S.J., F.L.S. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

WE thank Father Gerard for a most interesting piece of work. It has qualities sufficiently rare. Perhaps it is natural that Father Gerard should be courteous and scrupulously fair to Professor Haeckel, whilst some of us, with whom that pretentious person claims alliance, can barely keep our temper with him. At any rate, Father Gerard conducts the argument as a gentleman always does. He misrepresents none of his opponents; garbles no quotations; never mistakes satire for argument; never indulges in abuse; quotes numerous modern and trustworthy authorities, and has therefore produced a book singularly unlike most other members of its class.

So much we must say in common justice. Father Gerard writes with no bias against science, and with a most thorough acquaintance with his subject. The book may be divided into two parts. The first of these deals with Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." This book has already been completely exposed from end to end. Nevertheless, it would be difficult to calculate its influence. The number of copies sold in this country is simply prodigious, and the book is selling steadily yet. It has come to be regarded in untutored quarters as the authoritative statement of the evolutionary philosophy. As a matter of fact, it is a compound of half-truths, fallacies and absurdities which no one who cares a straw for Truth can do other than condemn and reprobate on all possible occasions. Father Gerard resorts to none of our language—which we are prepared to justify *in extenso*—but he demolishes the Professor with dignity and skill.

This, however, is merely to dispose of an impostor. Father Gerard—practically and wisely avoiding the founder of evolution, it is worth noting—then tries his hand on Darwin and the theory of Natural Selection: with results which any one may guess. When we say that the author is *fair*, it may be guessed how obvious and complete is his failure. He has this consolation—that no one else would have fared better.

One or two specific points we would mention, since we should wish them considered in the highly-to-be-desired popular edition of this work. It would be as complete an antidote to the "scientific" part of Haeckel's book as Dr. Loofs' to the pseudo-historical part of it.

The particles in a crystal are not "absolutely quiescent." The contrary has long been known. Virchow was not a "materialist." The reviewer has it direct from a teacher of his, who was a pupil and intimate friend of Virchow, that he believed in God and Immortality. Bunsen (p. 75) asks, "How can speech develop itself in a year out of inarticulate sounds?" He, and Father Gerard, have surely heard of babies. The statement that there is no safer guide than common sense explains the Galileo incident, I fear. Common sense says the earth is still and is equally wrong nearly every time. It is difficult to reconcile the assertion (p. 122) that no one believes in supernatural intervention with the fact that many people still pray. As to the argument against Darwinism and the authorities quoted against it, Father Gerard is obviously unaware of their miserably unrepresentative character. To quote poor Quatrefages to-day is—well, not kind. When, speaking of its pre-eminent position, he says "at least in popular

estimation," he comes about as near an unconscious *suggestio falsi* as any one can. His arguments for the intelligence of the First Cause seemed to the reviewer most able and impressive. Had they been in favour of Its benevolence they would have been still more welcome. This is a book to be read.

Poetry

PHILOMELODIES AND SHARDS OF SONG. (Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d. net.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN. By J. Goodfellow. (Alexander Gardner.)

THE LYRIC BOUGH. By Clinton Scollard. (John Pott & Co. \$1.25.)

POEMS. By St. John Lucas. (Constable. 5s. net.)

AD MATREM. Poems by John Gray. (Sands. 1s. 6d. net.)

KATHERINE PHILIPS. Selected Poems. (J. R. Tutin. 6d.)

"PHILOMELODIES" is commonplace in idea, and with no redeeming qualities of form. Of "Translations from the German" it must be said that they are downright inept, and convert German poetry into English mediocrity, or something below mediocrity. But with "The Lyric Bough" we arrive at competent work. It is a volume showing a command of English poetic vocabulary in its most classic range; and not only is the diction excellently choice, but often very felicitous. Mr. Scollard has a trained power of pictorial phrase. Add to this genuine poetic feeling, and no inconsiderable fancy, and you have in him promise of better things than this volume, good though it be. His verse has a certain reflective cast rather, perhaps, than actual thought; but there is, so to speak, the seed of thought, which may yet mature. While no poem can be picked out as absolutely remarkable, there is abundant reason to encourage him in poetic work.

Of Mr. St. John Lucas the same may be said, with addition. He has cultivated craftsmanship, and mastery of rich phrase; and he has besides a fertile fancy. Some of the poems are marked by imagery of a fervid and glowing quality which distinguishes them from the ruck of minor verse. He has ideas, and is not afraid to have them; which is much in the level of democratic uniformity that has rolled out even our verse as a sward is rolled. We would point, for instance, to such a poem as "The Dream of Youth," with such images as "Dawn's red Armada in the Orient," to justify the most prosperous hopes of Mr. St. John Lucas.

Mr. Gray's "Ad Matrem" is a modest little series of verses, and merits a modest praise. Written to accompany and explain a series of school-tableaux dealing with the life of the Virgin, it is bound by the conditions of its production to directness and ready intelligibility—conditions which it fulfils. It has a certain grace and pleasing sincerity of feeling, but does not attain any special poetic mark. We may pass from it to the last book on our list, Mr. Tutin's selections from "Katherine Philips." A pioneer in many excellent reprints, Mr. Tutin here does us the service of enabling us to judge of the once-renowned "matchless Orinda," as she was called, the Mrs. Browning of the seventeenth century. It is hard to say whether she were more famous for her poetry, or for the exaltation of feminine friendship which it set forth. To us, she appears a weaker echo of Cowley and the fashionable school of Donne. Yet she is not without a certain gentle dignity and intelligence of her own; quite enough to make some of these poems landmarks in the development of female

poetry. As such they deserve and should receive welcome. "L'Accord du Bien," for example, has a conspicuous amount of intellectual reflection tersely and happily phrased.

Fiction

TUSSOCK LAND. By Arthur H. Adams. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) This book is of youth; youth in the full glory of its conceit and ambitions; youth on stilts with its mouth full of words and heart full of scorn. In fact the author has produced a biography of calf love; and written its epitaph. The hero and heroine of this biography have no unique experiences; in common with the rank and file they have a wish or two, a love or two, a failure or two, but the end is familiar, and they settle down to humdrum with all the greater chances of success because for a period they have played with fire. This is a first novel and reaches a considerable standard of promise; the author has a pleasant gift for story telling, but at times is intolerably discursive. And he has the habit of soliloquy. The heroine, who is really rather a good sort, is made to think aloud in such tedious manner that the hero can hardly be blamed that he disappears for long periods to study art. "No," she thought (on one occasion), "we women shrink from action, initiative, will, and every time we timorously withdraw it seems to me that not only our individual souls shrivel, but that a part of the soul of the whole sex is irremediably atrophied." Soliloquies on this elevated plane of thought are fortunately rare in real life! But, after all, a little blue pencil can soon correct this; the book is brightly written and can be recommended without fear of disappointment.

A LADDER OF TEARS. By G. Colmore. (Constable, 6s.) This intimate record of a woman's life is written in the form of an autobiography, a form which has been decidedly overdone lately. But "A Ladder of Tears" cannot be classed with the numerous erotic and valueless effusions which have lately been flooding the market, causing a prejudice in the minds of many against this style of narrative. Its form serves but to give us the intimate personal details of a woman's outwardly unhappy circumstances, circumstances which compel our interest from the first words, "I had a very happy girlhood; happier than my childhood," until we reach the haven of peace into which the writer is ultimately brought. To marry in order to please a loved parent a man of fifty-eight, after twenty-two years of a particularly sheltered and unsophisticated life, and thereby to become the constant companion and stepmother of two adult idiots, is hardly an enviable existence. But the burden is taken up with a womanly dignity and lack of complaint that compel admiration, she climbs her ladder of tears cheerfully, clasping each rung of the painful ladder firmly and with unswerving purpose. But the book is not so sad as the title gives us to expect, indeed it is far from being morbid or unduly sorrowful. It is brightened by a glad and often original outlook of life, enlivened by amusing sketches of her relations and acquaintances, made sweet by the writer's healthy hopeful view of life. Those who search the pages of this book for exciting adventures and unusual incidents will find they are not catered for, but those who do not demand these things, and would hold pleasant converse with a cultured, refined woman, should read "A Ladder of Tears."

THE MAN IN THE WOOD. By Mrs. Boyd. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) The author cares little for analytical studies, she prefers that her characters indicate in the trivialities of daily life their several personalities. They are indeed not very remarkable, but are sufficiently real to be recognisable as old friends, and are in keeping with the story, which is presented with admirable taste and in concentrated form certainly without discursiveness. To be candid, the frugal clergyman's wife with anæmic daughters, and the humours of locked-larder economics, have figured in fiction before. But the story has in it much of novelty and spirit; it deals with a convict, the gentlemanly convict of fiction, who has met scant justice at the hands of a bored jury. He

escapes from his prison and hides in some woods. To him there comes a lanky girl, romantic but sane, at war with her custodians, but on good terms with herself. She is a sort of relative and paying guest in a clergyman's household. To her the convict is an object of much interest. She suspects in him an affinity. She will ask no questions, simply accept the situation and do his bidding. She brings him furtively clothes, food and money so that he may make his escape to Ceylon. And the man, starving, unkempt, in prison garb, takes all he can get, dimly feeling that some day he will return and repay the debt in full. He escapes then, and finds employment with a wealthy tea-planter. He gains a position of trust; his employer's daughter with moonlight indiscretion proposes to him. But he is obsessed by his debt to the lanky girl; the loneliness of his life suggests but one way of payment. He must return to England, risk recapture and offer her marriage. All of these things he does, but the reader, who should not miss this brightly written story, can learn the end for himself.

ONE LONDON SEASON. By Caroline Fisher. (Blackwood, 6s.) "One London Season" belongs to the type of book that may be designated "girly-girly"; certainly it is not strong meat. The heroine, Lady Viola Stapleton, a young woman of twenty-five who behaves like a child of sixteen not yet out of the schoolroom, does not compel our admiration or interest, though very evidently she is meant to do so. Up to the last pages of the book her one passion in life is her rather tedious friendship for Barbara, but as we are preparing to close the book a lover abruptly appears upon the scene and is rewarded by the hand of the incomparable Viola. The London season of which the story tells was the memorable season of the postponed Coronation festivities. The authoress may be recommended to avoid such trite remarks as "things are by no means always what they seem," "the dinner, as all dinners do, came to an end in time." Harmless but unexciting.

DAS SCHLAFENDE HEER. Roman von Clara Viebig. (Berlin: Fleischel, 6m.) Clara Viebig has here broken new ground. After placing the scene of action of her earlier books in the Moselle and Rhine districts, she here takes us to German Poland, where she spent her girlhood, and describes the condition of things there existing between the Polish inhabitants and the German settlers. There is a certain likeness to the state of affairs in Ireland. The two races scarcely amalgamate: there is a similar difference in religion, language and nationality. The priests play much the same part in the lives of the people in Poland as they do in Ireland. There is no hero in the strict sense of the word. The brunt of the action is borne by Hanns-Martin von Doleschal, a German landowner, and Valentin Bräuer, the son of a Rhenish settler in German Poland. Doleschal suffers terribly from the difficulty, nay, almost the impossibility, of Germanising the Poles. Notwithstanding that he bears a character for the nicest honour and the straightest dealing, he is the best hated man in the district. One evening when he is returning alone from an election meeting—he is a candidate for the Reichstag—the Poles set on him and drag him from his horse. He feels himself disgraced somehow by this unreasoning racial hatred, and depressed in feeling beyond cure, he shoots himself. With Bräuer things go better until he falls in love with and marries a frivolous Polish girl. That way lies unhappiness and ruin, and he ends by drowning himself. But he is a much more attractive figure than Doleschal, and wins our sympathy so that we regret his untoward fate. The other figures that move across the large canvas are drawn with a sure hand, and the book gives a vivid picture of what it seeks to portray. There is a certain pathos in the belief of the superstitious Poles that they are only sleeping, and will one day awake and drive out the intruder. It is to be deplored that one of the most celebrated novelists of contemporary Germany should be so little known in England. Clara Viebig's work bears many of the characteristics of that of George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and George Moore. She sees into the human heart, and describes what she sees with an ease and sureness that lend her books a charm not always to be found in novels that from

the choice of their subject contain events spreading over a long space of years and deal with a wide field of locality. We wish some enterprising English publisher would try the experiment of a translation, say of "Die Wacht am Rhein," or of "Das Tägliche Brot," a story of domestic servant life in Germany, to begin with. We feel convinced these books would have an interest for the English public.

LA VIE AMOUREUSE DE FRANÇOIS BARBAZANGES. Roman par Marcelle Tinayre. (Calmann-Lévy, 3f.50.) The scene is laid at Tulle in the Limousin in the seventeenth century. The hero's short life—he is not much over twenty when he dies—is spent in a quest for his ideal in love. The finding of it means his death. Mysticism and odd bits of learning and history are strangely mingled with absolute frankness in regard to physical love and the relations of the sexes. The seventeenth-century setting is artistic, the style of the writing is perfect, the air of romance over the whole wields a sufficient enchantment, and yet the book suffers from a lack of reality that almost spoils the rest of the good qualities. It has none of the psychological observation that distinguished "La Maison du Pêché," and we are not inclined, as some critics are, to consider it an advance on that book. Better to our mind than the love-longings of François are the descriptions of the burghers of Tulle and their occupations and pre-occupations. The girl lace-makers and their taskmistress are the most thoroughly alive figures in the book, and the little work girl who, while yielding to the caresses of coarser lovers, is all the while ideally in love with François, is finely and sympathetically drawn.

Short Notices

A CONSPIRACY UNDER THE TERROR: MARIE ANTOINETTE—TOULAN—JARJAYES. By Paul Gault. Translated by Charles Laroche, M.A. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) It is on record that in the turbulent days that immediately succeeded the death of the King of France there were at least three separate attempts to rescue the Royal Family, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth and the Royal children, from their imprisonment in the Temple. The first, in point of date, was that of Toulon and the Chevalier de Jarjayes, and this book of M. Gault, ably translated by Mr. Laroche, deals therewith at some length and with copious historic detail. The portrait of Marie Antoinette that prefaces the work is that by Prieur from the Musée Carnavalet, and there are a couple of highly interesting facsimiles of the unfortunate Queen's letters, which, duly authenticated, have never been hitherto published. These are invaluable documents, for not only have Marie Antoinette's autographs, dating from her captivity, always been few in number, but several of them having been destroyed they have now become very rare. The story of the bold conspiracy to rescue the dethroned Royal Family makes rare good reading. That the plot failed was due mainly to the cowardice of the schoolmaster Lepitre, who did not furnish the necessary passports, and even when escape was still possible the luckless Queen refused to leave her children. She wrote pathetically to Jarjayes: "It has been a beautiful dream"—and it ended on the scaffold. A good book, and one that students of the period cannot afford to miss.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH ON SCOTTISH PLACE-NAMES. By James Murray Mackinlay. (Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.) Towards the definitive investigation and exposition of the place-names of Scotland, desiderated by the Rev. J. B. Johnston in his own book on the subject, this is a most important contribution, marked as it is by patient research and luminous exposition. Mr. Mackinlay's self-selected department has in reality two branches, for the pre-Reformation Church in Scotland was a Celtic institution before it merged, after several centuries of struggle for independent existence, in the more powerful organisation controlled from Rome. As a consequence, the names of St. Columba and his disciples are scattered broadcast over the country, mingling with those of the saints and

missionaries of the Roman creed, while the Celticised nomenclature of their fellow-workers belonging to Rome lends itself easily to the confusion of the unwary philologist. In the course of thirty chapters Mr. Mackinlay deals with his subject under such headings as saints, retreats, kils, kirks, chapels, crosses, dioceses, monasteries, and so on. He glances at origins, notes modifications, and traces the history of still existent features, and so produces an extremely valuable volume, which complements rather than overlaps the books of Mr. Johnston and Sir Herbert Maxwell on place-names. For the benefit of the student he prefixes an extensive bibliography of works referred to in the text, while an index running to forty closely printed pages gives ample evidence of the fulness of the reference apparatus. The only misprint we have noticed is the dropping of the figure 1 on page 20; but it involves a difference of one thousand years.

THE MAID OF SHULAM. By Hugh Falconer, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) The confusion that besets the mind of the reader who desires to comprehend the Song of Solomon primarily in its literal sense, as a love song, arises from the absence of any indication as to who is from time to time the speaker. It is not clear even how many persons take part in the dialogue; and the poem has been diversely broken up by commentators, according to various hypotheses. Mr. Falconer makes the *dramatis personæ* to be three—Solomon, the Maid of Shulam and the rustic lover from whom she has been torn, and to whom at the last she is reunited. An important place is held besides by the Chorus, consisting of the women of the King's harem, into which the maid has been introduced. His assignment of the speeches in accordance with this hypothesis is very satisfactory. The result is a dramatic poem shaped on what give the impression of being more or less conventional lines, but informed by a spirit of fragrant romance. Merely as a love poem the Song of Songs has its place, no doubt, among immortal literature; and even to those of us who have left the "magnetic age" behind, its charm is sensible. But the mature student seeks, and may find, in it a more permanent teaching. To one seems figured the dealing of Jehovah with his chosen people; to another the mystical relations of Christ and the Catholic Church; to another the converse of the soul with her eternal Spouse. And these aspects are no more mutually exclusive than the divers colours of an opal. It is this that constitutes the charm of a mystic poem as of the stone to which one so readily compares it. Mr. Falconer's chapter on the "Overtones" is, therefore, full of suggestion.

LES MONARCHIES DE L'EMPIRE ALLEMANDE. ORGANISATION CONSTITUTIONNELLE ET ADMINISTRATIVE. Par le Vte. Combes de l'Estrade. (Librairie de la Société du recueil général des lois et des arrêts.) To us in England it is often most difficult to understand the exact part played by the German States in Imperial affairs, and the differences in the constitutions, for instance, of Prussia, Wurtemberg and Bavaria. M. Combes de l'Estrade has produced a most useful volume which gives all the necessary information. It is not a history of Germany, and indeed makes no claim to be anything of the kind. As the present is necessarily everywhere derived from the past, he opens with a brief account of the varying forms of the grouping of the States that belong to the great political personality of Germany, and shows what part each of the States played in the past. That part was, according to this historian, extremely important; he finds that although the success of the German army in 1870 undoubtedly hastened the union, it was then inevitable and near at hand; the prestige of military triumphs made an end of the resistance of the masses. The first book describes the general organisation and legislation of the empire, and the institutions that are common to all States. The following books deal with nationalities, classes, sovereigns, constitutions, chambers, state officials, administrative autonomy, the communes, conscription, the administration of justice and financial matters. If we desire a thorough acquaintance with the political and economical life of the German Empire at the present time we must understand the working of the constitutions of its component parts, and to that end we can

find no more valuable assistance than is contained in this book. It seems strange that it should have been left for a Frenchman to write this particular book. The author gives as his reason for so doing the hope of furthering the work of peace and harmony. "Nations and races are deeply divided less because they hate each other than because they do not know each other."

Reprints and New Editions

A small red volume, the **POEMS OF RICHARD LOVE-LACE**, comes from the Unit Library with an expression of the belief that this reprint of Lovelace's poems will be welcomed by many who "at present only know him by his two incomparable lyrics, lyrics which have been stated to defy the greatest things of the greatest poets in absolute achievement of their particular purpose." This present edition is a reprint of the original issues in 1649 and 1659, and makes a pleasant and serviceable volume to place upon our bookshelves, if we have not this collection of love poems already. A very different book of poems do I pick up now—the **POEMS OF BURNS** (National Library, Cassell, 6d.) with an introduction by Neil Munro. And yet both sing of love, one in fanciful, witty verses, the other in poems of rugged passion. Although, as Mr. Munro says, Burns gave us "the most fervent utterance we have ever had of Scots radicalism and revolt as well as the most sincere and glowing expression of a national spirit that loves to dwell on memories of the past," it was as a love poet that he commenced and for many of us ended his work. For those to whom the Scottish vernacular is a stumbling-block, there has been provided a full glossary, although to read poetry by the aid of a glossary seems to me somewhat a tame proceeding, savouring of school-room days when a piece of French prose was laboriously translated into English by the aid of a much-thumbed dictionary. In glancing over the list of volumes that have already been issued in this series one cannot but believe that these sixpenny reprints have been a boon to many whose means are strictly limited. The remaining reprints this week are so very tiny in size that they might be termed literary playthings. Two of them are dignified by the title of "The Waistcoat Pocket Classics," and consist of **SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE AND KEATS' EVE OF ST. AGNES** (Treherne, 1s. net leather, 6d. net cloth). In the same Waistcoat Pocket Series I have a third minute booklet, **OTHELLO** (1s. net). Does any one want to carry Shakespeare in his waistcoat pocket with his latchkey and pencil? Some time ago a series of small booklets was started purposely made to fit into a pocket-book. Does the average man or woman use these literary playthings? Personally I could not bring myself to read "Othello" in such a guise. The fourth miniature volume is exceedingly pretty, although it is seldom one has any use for such a reprint. It is nothing less than a Bijou copy of the **MARRIAGE SERVICE**, mounted in silver (Eyre & Spottiswoode, from 4s. 6d.). It is very dainty, and would make an uncommon gift to a bride or bridesmaids. With this pretty reprint I bring my notes this week to an end. F. T. S.

Booksellers' Catalogues

THE following booksellers' catalogues have been received, copies of which can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham & Co., Great Russell Street (*Choice and Rare Books*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Charing Cross Road (*General*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*Rare*); Messrs. Day's Library, Mount Street, W. (*Clearance List*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Engraved Portraits and General*); Messrs. B. & J. F. Meehan, Bath (*Rare*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*); Messrs. Williams & Norgate, Henrietta Street (*International Book Circular*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*"Chaucer's Head" Book Circular*); Mr. Henry Gray, East Acton (*International Bulletin*).

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, "Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company," which sets out the details of a curious diplomatic and literary incident in the establishing of our trading relations with Constantinople. The volume, which will include twenty-six facsimile illustrations of MSS. and other plates, has been edited by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D., with whom Mr. T. Cato Worsfold has been associated in seeing it through the press.—Major Martin Hume's "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" has been for some time out of print and difficult to obtain. Mr. Eveleigh Nash is about to issue a new and revised edition of the work, containing two interesting additional chapters in which a solution is sought to the question which, in various forms, has reached the author from all parts of the world, namely, What was the real nature of the relations that existed between the Queen and her favourites?—A sixpenny edition of Sir Edward Hamley's "The War in the Crimea" is a timely issue by Messrs. Seeley.—The second volume of Messrs. Seeley's Illustrated Pocket Library is Mr. Sidney Lee's "Stratford-on-Avon"; this new edition contains some additional illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton.—The May number of "Harper's Magazine" will contain Mr. Abbey's designs for "Hamlet," and also an essay upon the play by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in which he tries to show that Goethe's theory—formulated in "Wilhelm Meister"—that Hamlet is a man of feeble will overweighted by too large an undertaking, will not bear critical analysis. He further advances the theory that Hamlet and Macbeth are in character considerably akin, and that some of the speeches put into the mouth of the latter would have been more appropriately used by the former. To the same number Dr. C. W. Saleeby contributes an article in which he formulates a new theory of the beginning of all worlds.—Mr. A. H. Bullen will publish immediately the third volume of the "British Mezzotint" Series. It deals with the work of Thomas Watson, James Watson and Elizabeth Judkins. The compiler is Mr. Gordon Goodwin and the general editor of the series is Mr. Alfred Whitman, of the Print Room, British Museum. There are six plates, the frontispiece being a reproduction of James Watson's mezzotint of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Miss Price—the maternal grandmother of the late Lord Salisbury. It was of this portrait, now at Hatfield, that Horace Walpole justly asked "When was infantine loveliness touched with sweeter truth?"—Mr. John Lane has commissioned Mrs. Rosa Newmarch to prepare an English version of "The Life and Letters of Tchaikovsky" (by the composer's brother, M. Modeste Tchaikovsky), editions of which have recently been published in Russia and Germany. The English translation will necessarily appear in an abridged form, as the original Russian edition, in three volumes, contains much that is not of capital interest to English and American readers.—G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish a volume of poems by Enid Welsford. The preface has been written by Mr. R. Bosworth Smith.—"The Best Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," with introduction and notes by Mr. J. St. Loë Strachey, will form the next two volumes in the thin paper re-issue of Mr. Unwin's Mermaid Series.—On April 18 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish a book by Mr. C. A. Wittell entitled "Nature's Story of the Year."—We are informed by Messrs. Williams & Norgate that Herbert Spencer's Autobiography will be published simultaneously in England and America on the 22nd. The work will form two large volumes of 556 and 542 pages respectively, and the price will be 28s. net.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- The Psalms of Israel: Lectures delivered at St. Patrick's Cathedral, 1903 (Brown, Langham) net 3/6
The Better Side of Death (Mowbray)

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Dawson (Wm. Harbutt), Matthew Arnold and his Relation to the Thought of our Time (Putnam) net 7/6
Finlayson (Christie), The Poet's Child (Sonnenschein) 2/6

- Hood (A. N.), *Adria, a Tale of Venice* (Murray) net 10/6
Lotte, *Crumbs of Fancy* (Stock) 2/6
Burn (David W. M.), *Ode for Peace Day* (Dunedin: Stark & Co.)
Carlyle (Alex.), *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. In two Vols.* (Lane) net 25/0
The Dante Society Lectures (Athenum Press) 2/6

History and Biography

- Godfrey (Elizabeth), *Social Life under the Stuarts* (Richards) net 12/6
Biddulph, G.O.B., G.O.M.G. (General Sir Robert), *Lord Cardwell and the War Office, a History of His Administration, 1868-1874* (Murray) net 9/0
Napier, M.A., F.R.S.E. (James), *Life of Robert Napier of West Shandon* (Blackwood)
Townshend (Dorothea), *The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork* (Duckworth) net 18/0
Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. (Sir William), *The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie. In Two Vols.* (Macmillan) net 25/0
Cornish (Charles J.), *Sir William Henry Flower, K.C.B. A Personal Memoir* (Macmillan) net 8/6

Travel and Topography

- Rawnsley (Mrs. Willingham), *The New Forest* (Black) net 7/6

Science and Philosophy

- Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D. (Thomson Jay), *The Evolution of the Soul* (Putnam) 6/0
Report of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science (Cape Town: The Association)
Davis, M.A. (J. R. Ainsworth), *The Natural History of Animals. Half-Vol. VI.* (Gresham Publishing Co.) 7/0
Hinton, M.A. (C. Howard), *The Fourth Dimension* (Sonnenschein) 4/6

Art

- Hind (C. Lewis), *Adventures Among Pictures* (Black) net 7/6
MacColl (D. S.), *The Administration of the Chantry Bequest* (Richards) net 1/0
Almack, F.S.A. (Edward), *Bookplates* (Methuen) net 2/6
Stevens (Alfred), *A Painter's Philosophy, translation* (Mathews) net 2/6

Educational

- Pearson (J. C.), *An Introduction to Metal Working* (Murray) 2/0
Perry, M.A., LL.D., (W. J.), *The Local Examination Physiology* (Helfe Brothers) 2/0

Juvenile

- Joseph and his Brethren (Richards) 1/6

Miscellaneous

- Archæological Survey Circle, *United Provinces Report, and Photographs and Drawings, 2 Vols.* (Allahabad: Public Works Dept.)
The Statesman's Year-Book, 1904 (Macmillan) net 10/6
Railway Statistics 1884-1904 (Mathieson) 1/0
Grasebrook, F.S.A. (George), *A Heraldic and Physiological Curiosity* (Hughes & Clarke) net 0/6
Wigan Free Public Library Annual Report (Wigan: Wall & Sons)

Fiction

- "The Awakening of Mrs. Carstairs," by Olivia Roy (Morton), 6/0; "The Autobiography of a Thief," by Hutchins Haggood (Putnam), 6/0; "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton (Macmillan), 6/0; "By Snare of Love," by A. W. Marchmont (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Amazing Verdict," by Marie Leighton (Richards), 6/0; "A Race with Ruin," by Headon Hill (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Marian Voyne, or the Great Lie," by Beryl Goldie (Macmillan), 6/0; "Lovely Man," by A. Crosspatch (G. E. Farrow) (Skeffington), 1/0; "The Colonel," by Captain Olivieri Sangiacomo, translated by E. Spender (Nutt), 6/0; "The Court of Sacharissa," by Hugh Sheringham and Neville Meakin (Heinemann), 6/0; "The King's Fool," by Michael Barrington (Blackwood), 6/0; "Concerning a Marriage," by "Nomad" (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0; "Belchamber," by H. O. Sturgis (Constable), 6/0; "The Imperialist," by Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes) (Constable), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions.

- "The Maker of Moons," by Robert W. Chambers (Putnam), 6/0; "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "The Poems of Richard Lovelace" (Unit Library), net 0/10; "The Poems of Burns, a Selection" (Cassell), net 0/6; "Side Shows," by Helen Mathers (Simpkin, Marshall), 1/0; "The Fight for the Crown," by W. E. Norris (Seeley), 0/6; "Eliza," by Barry Pain (Bousfield), 1/0; "The Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan (Watts), 0/6; "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Othello" (Waistcoat Pocket Series) (Treherne), each, net 1/0; "Bijou Marriage Service" (silver-mounted) (Kyre & Spottiswoode), from 4/6; "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley," illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan), net 2/0; "The Poems of Henry Vaughan," edited by Edward Hutton (Methuen), net 1/6; "All's Well that Ends Well" and "The Winter's Tale" (Little Quarto Shakespeare) (Methuen), each net 1/0.

Periodicals

- "Art," "The Antiquary," "Genealogical Magazine," "Geographical Journal," "The London," "American Journal of Archaeology," "Essex Review," "The Lamp," "The Photo-Miniature," "New Liberal Review," "Baconiana," "Indian Magazine," "Scribner's Magazine," "International Journal of Ethics," "Scottish Historical Review," "American Journal of Mathematics," "Rapid Review," "The Papyrus."

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- De Goeje (M. J.), *Ibn Qotaiiba, Liber Poësis et Poëtarum* (Leiden: Brill)

History and Biography

- Waddington (Richard), *La Guerre de Sept Ans: Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire, Tomes II. et III.* (Paris: Firmin-Didot)

Miscellaneous

- Noreen (Adolf), *Nordiska Studier* (Uppsala: K. W. Appelbergs Boktryckeri)

Periodicals

- "La Vérité sur le Congo," "Revue Economique Internationale," "Petermanns Mitteilungen, 50 Band."

Egomet

I SPOKE recently of the consolations of literature; in time of sickness and in time of health they are true consolations. How many a sick-bed have they rendered less uneasy; of myself I can truly say that illness loses half its terror when I am permitted to read.

I HAVE sometimes dreamed of a hospital where there shall be set aside a small ward for book-lovers. The physicians and surgeons thereon attendant shall all be men acquainted with letters, able to leaven their professional talk with book-chat; the nurses likewise shall be lovers of books and named after famous heroines of fiction, Sister Little Dorrit, the Little Nurse, Sister Amelia, Sister Olivia, Sister Jeanie Deans and so on. The pictures upon the walls shall be portraits of master writers and illustrations from their works, and in place of texts we shall have comforting quotations.

THEN at the head of every bed should hang a little bookshelf with a few of the best books. I know not what would be the choice of other folk, but I would have upon my shelf, for poets: Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Keats, Byron; for fiction: "Amelia," "Emma," "The Heart of Midlothian," "David Copperfield," "Esmond," "Harry Richmond"; for history: Macaulay; for essays: "The Roundabout Papers," "Elia," Arnold's "Critical Essays"; selections from Ruskin and Carlyle; a Bible and "The Golden Treasury." These may not be the best books, for who shall dare to say which they are? But they are numbered among my best books, which I would have by my bedside when I am ill.

YES, illness is robbed of half its terror and of all its tiresomeness for me by the sweet consolation of books. Not many days have I lain ill abed, but those few would have been utterly wearisome had they not been

lightened by reading. The doctor man may raise his eyebrows and say, "Please just lie quiet and sleep if you can." So easy to say; if I can I will sleep, but if I cannot, good doctor, I will medicine my mind with books. A visitor bearing flowers and speaking words of comfort is welcome for sake of the kindness of the thought and the trouble taken, but no visitor is so welcome as a book. I can lay aside my book, I can change my book, if so I will, but my friend I must listen to whenever he may chance to come.

SOME say that music has medicinal virtue—but what music so virtuous as the melody of a perfect poem? Shakespeare—I need not add my mite to his monument of praise; Goldsmith—who has written verse more sweet than his? Keats, with his supreme loveliness; Byron, with his strenuous life. Fiction brings countless kind friends to my bedside and now-and-again I love to rush—one cannot stroll—through a chapter of Macaulay. An Essay every now and then, more especially in the hours devoted to frugal and too often uninviting meals. Of the Bible it becomes me not to speak, save to say that in it every believer and every sceptic can find consolation. By way of a tit-bit, or a savoury, a page of verse from "The Golden Treasury."

ALL the books I have named are golden treasures, adding golden numbers to golden numbers, gold that does not soil the hand or harden the heart, gold that always rings true, that always shines bright and pure; treasure that does not rust or corrupt, which it is not forbidden us to lay up on earth. Then when I close my eyes for the last time may my latest vision be of a book; an I were not afraid of ridicule I would even wish to lie in my long sleep with a volume in my hands. Ridicule! It is only when a man is dead that he fears not the cold breath of ridicule; only then that a man is never ridiculous. E. G. O.

TRAINS OF THOUGHT

II.—Philosophy and Humanitometry

AMONG the books which are left to me from my youthful studies is Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," in two large volumes. I smile at them sometimes when I observe them. They are very dusty. Ueberweg's two large volumes, mostly in small print, recording the opinions of innumerable philosophers, if I never read them, sometimes start in me a train of thought. What have the philosophers done for mankind? It is not necessarily an empty question, and is not to be answered by the quarrels about Dreyfus or the fact that in our own time, in the unhappy province of Macedonia, one sect of Christians urged the Turks to massacre another sect. The average of mankind is very much as it was, no doubt, and philosophy has done no more than religion to remove its bigotries and cruelties. Even in the tiny minority which in any age has assimilated philosophy in its reason, conduct has seldom been affected. Given two men otherwise alike, Stoicism in the one, Epicureanism in the other, will come to much the same thing in action. Sometimes indeed the consciousness of philosophy may effect conduct unfavourably: a philosopher

said Horace Walpole, was "a supercilious brute." And Shakespeare, anticipating my platitudes as so many of better men, has made his remark about the philosopher and the toothache.

For all that, philosophers have influenced large affairs at times, even by their philosophy and not by some accidental (and generally disastrous) realisation of Plato's wish to have them kings. Rousseau and his like without doubt gave point to the crisis in economics which made the French Revolution. In England I think the complacent exponents of philosophical individualism were responsible to some extent for the slowness with which we realised the horrors of industrial individualism (when you come to philosophy you come to hideous words) two generations since, and for the resistance to the remedies. I mean of course the horrible usage of women and children in factories. And here I come upon a thought which occurred to me the other day as having a possible significance. Philosophers may be irritable, but they have been in the main a comfortable folk; they have taken a calm view of human sorrows and distresses and in their theories the

most have leaned to optimism. Why? I will tell you. The world not wanting philosophy, the philosopher has generally written at his own expense. Therefore he has generally been a man either living with no necessity to work, or with work little enough to leave him time for philosophy. The same thing may be said, if it may be said without irreverence, of many theologians and writing divines, ascetic men perhaps but with their ascetic needs provided. A deal of calmness, a deal of optimism we find in comfortably provided men! A base thought, you think? But look you. If you or I, men toiling for scanty subsistence, were to write, for instance, a treatise on the evils of individualism, should we not be inclined to bitterness when we think of the many people, some of them for certain drunken men and brainless women, whom that system gives enormous incomes to play with in return for nothing? I speak not of its merits: we have agreed not to argue. But your philosopher is calm, sometimes tolerant, occasionally (when an eminent Socialist) flippant. I am not thinking of Pangloss and Candide; I do not say our toil upsets an optimistic theory. I only say that philosophers are generally in comfortable circumstances.

Let us double on the track. What have philosophers done for mankind? For the average very little at all. For the minority which has read them very little in conduct. But to this minority they have given a great deal of innocent pleasure. Your emotions in reading an exciting novel are mostly pleasurable, but partly painful. Suspense is painful, indignation is painful, you are eager that justice should be done or for the right discovery, and eagerness is of the painful (though slightly so), not the pleasant emotions. Poetry, fine poetry, brings tears to your eyes, it stirs the depths of melancholy memories. But if you can read philosophy, there is your pleasure unalloyed. The philosopher shares with the clown the glory of bestowing an unqualified pleasure on mankind. And even the laughter the clown excites is apt to have its reaction. There is no such unqualified enjoyment as that of the pure intelligence. No matter the aim or the result. So that the process be consistent with itself and worthy of your intellect, your pleasure is complete. We read it too little in these days, save when a philosopher startles us, as did Mr. Myers, and that is not often. Probably if I myself had read more philosophy I should not have needed you to tell me that all these things have been said before. Let us read some philosophy.

But before you go to it, I would say a word or two on humanitomity, of which a passage above has reminded me. It was the word with which his friends mocked Nevill Beauchamp's "humanity." Mr. Meredith puts the scene at the time of the Crimean war, and is it not curious that it was then, when "humanity" as a political profession was mostly preached, that one of the greatest crimes against humanity ever done on the earth was being done? By whom? By the political friends and allies of the eminent men who preached humanity. One of the greatest crimes: I say it advisedly. For this murderous usage of children in factories was not the work of religious fanaticism, or of war-begotten passions, but of greed, greed and a selfishness worse than bestial. It was done by men who subscribed to a great political party and whose aims were large homes and luxuries for their womenkind. An interesting study, the minds of their women, who probably patronised charities. If ever an enlightened age sums up our civilisation, that crime will weigh heavily, I think, and I can no more imitate the calmness of a philosopher when I write

about it than I could talk calmly to a man who murdered a child of my own. No wonder Mr. Everard Romfrey talked about humanitomity. This curious partiality of the political professors of humanity survives. The atrocities in Macedonia are shouted in our ears, the atrocities in Finland are almost unnoticed. But I will not "talk politics," and just now it is "correct" to be silent about Finland. But while we compress our lips at humanitomity, it is well not to forget that the genuine humanitarianism which existed among our fathers was a noble emotion, and that the policy which tried genuinely to act on it was a noble policy. As a policy circumstances have for long been against it. It is not the fault of England that other empires, consolidating and reaching out, have forced her to play for her own hand. "Humanity" may qualify her actions still: it can no longer be their direct aim. We must guard our own first, or we can guard nothing. Still . . . It was a noble ideal when it was true, and one feels kindly to those who let it still unwisely obsess them—when the obsession is true also.

G. S. STREET.

Science

Man the Erect

THE first of contemporary anatomists, Sir William Turner, is never quite so happy as when, in that rich bass which has delighted students for nearly half a century, he speaks of "Man the erect." Robert Louis Stevenson's genius added a couple of letters to his fellow-townsmen's phrase, and made it twice as significant—"man the erected." Why, then, is man erect, what does the posture signify, and has he more to hope for?

Man is erect because a vertical line from the centre of gravity of his body falls behind his hip-joints. In the ape the condition is the reverse, so that the creature, even if he be a "Consul," always tends to drop upon his fore-limbs. Man, on the contrary, tends to roll backwards at the level of his hip-joints. When you stand erect, you are prevented from rolling backwards whilst your legs remain erect, because a strong ligament, the strongest in the body, passes from your trunk to your thigh-bone over the front of each hip-joint. If this ligament were severed, the earth would pull your trunk over and you would make obeisance in entirely novel fashion. In the lower animals these ligaments are much weaker, and their severance would be of little importance, since the creature tends in any case to fall forwards.

This mechanical advantage depends on the peculiar curvature of the human spine, and especially upon that forward curve in its lower part which partly produces the "fall in the back," and which is a distinctively human characteristic. It is interesting to note that this extremely important "lumbar convexity" is better marked in woman than in man.

But the sinuous line of the adult backbone, with its four curves, is not present in the baby, which, in accordance with Von Baer's law, illustrates the past history of the race. The baby's backbone is a simple curve, *concave* forwards. There is no lumbar convexity. The baby's centre of gravity falls in front of its hip-joints, and therefore the baby, even if it had the sense of equilibrium and the full control of its muscles, could only momentarily stand erect.

If I had six pages to fill (the secret height of my ambition) I might outline this subject: but we must refrain from asking how this most essential change in equilibrium was produced and inquire into its consequences. Man, thereby, was erected, and his horizon widened, in the literal sense. But was there no greater gain? Indeed there was; and here we reach a theory associated with the name of Professor Cunningham, Sir William Turner's pupil, who now fills his master's chair in Edinburgh. For millions of years the vertebrate had used all four limbs for locomotion. Though other uses there were, locomotion was supreme. But when the hind-limbs sufficed—when there appeared "man the erected"—the fore-limbs found their occupation gone. Now observe your Joachim, your Rodin, nay, your Shakespeare. Was it not the endowment of two new and potent organs, with their sensitive fingers and—most important—their splendid thumbs (there are naturally no such thumbs below man), that, in serving their master, the brain, revealed to him his potentialities, and helped to make him what he is?

And why should there always be just a subtle change of *timbre* in his voice when Sir William talks of "man the erect"? The answer is to be found in his famous assertion that, physically, man is essentially perfect. This is what we mean. We do not say that man may not lose his hair and, perhaps, his teeth; his nails, his noisome appendix, and quite a quorum of his toes. But we do say that for untold æons this thing that once crawled upon its belly has been nursing the hope, "Excelsior." And now, at last, it can hold its head up in the world—O most wise metaphor—its brain has come out top, above its backbone instead of in front of it, and its, or rather we should say *his*, horizon is veritably widened. For the first time, there is a creature that can take broad views—if it but will.

I have studied the muscles and tiny superficial veins of the statues unearthed by Dr. Arthur Evans in Crete, and I find them the same in the arm of 4,000 years ago as in my own. Physical evolution in the gross has stopped. The evolution of the cortex of the cerebrum has not stopped. Do you imagine that mental and moral evolution, begun but yesterday, can yet enable us to conceive more than a dim foreshadowing of the grandeur of their goal?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

How many properly authenticated Shakespeare relics are there at Stratford-on-Avon, or rather how few? The birthplace itself is not above suspicion, and certainly the present building cannot be proved to be at all similar to the house which stood upon the same ground in Shakespeare's day; Anne Hathaway's cottage may have been the home of the poet's wife, but equally it may not; there is no proof that Shakespeare attended the Free Grammar School, and we must entertain grave suspicions of the bust in Stratford Church, at any rate as a likeness of Shakespeare. Yet of this bust, turning to two living critics, we read: "It was originally coloured, and has been correctly re-coloured. . . . This and the portrait engraved by Droeshout . . . are the only certain likenesses of Shakespeare which remain to us" (Dowden, "Shakespeare," p. 29); and "The bust was originally coloured, but in 1793 Malone caused it to be whitewashed. In 1861 the whitewash was re-

moved, and the colours, as far as traceable, restored." "It was first engraved—very imperfectly—for Rowe's edition in 1709" (Sidney Lee, "A Life of William Shakespeare," pp. 286, 287). In short, this bust has always been looked to as the best and most authentic portrait of Shakespeare in features and in colouring that we possess.

Mrs. STOPES, in the "Monthly Review," tells "The True Story of the Stratford Bust," and a sorry story it is, as the following brief summary will show. The writer's first thought was to obtain the earliest representation of the Stratford original, which she has found for us in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire," published in 1656, more than fifty years before Rowe's "Shakespeare," and presumably written and prepared several years previously. Yet Mr. Lee says that Rowe's was the first engraving! As Mrs. Stopes says, "The unsatisfactory, or rather, in some aspects, the satisfactory, fact is that it differs in all important details from the bust as it appears now"; satisfactory in that the heavy-faced bust we now have is in no ways pleasing, unsatisfactory in that it shows how badly mauled the bust has been.

SPEAKING of the Dugdale engraving, the writer goes on:

"Far from resembling the self-contented fleshy man of to-day, the large and full dark eyes look out of cheeks hollow to emaciation. The moustache drops down softly and naturally instead of perking upwards, there is no mantle on the shoulders, no pen in the hand, no cushioned desk. The arms are bent awkwardly, the hands are laid stiffly, palms downward, on a large cushion, suspiciously resembling a woolsock."

Rowe's engraving supports the accuracy of Dugdale. How then came about the change? I will give as shortly as possible the history of the monument.

THE bust was set up before 1623, and was the work of one Gerard Johnson or Janssen, a Dutchman resident in Southwark. By the middle of the eighteenth century the monument was in a state of decay, and for its restoration John Ward gave the proceeds of a performance of "Othello" in the Town Hall, Stratford, on September 8, 1746. The restorers (!!!) probably worked from the engraving by Vertue made for Pope's edition (1725), or Gravelot's version of this engraving in Hanmer's edition (1744), with the results that may be seen by comparing the monument as it now exists and Dugdale's reproduction. There is no space here to go into detail, and the whole story should be read in Mrs. Stopes' article. What, also, of the Stratford portrait, reverently shown at the birthplace, and its likeness to what we now see to be the mangled bust? As to the colours on the bust—they were restored, and we know what that means—in 1748, and again restored, after Malone's performance, in 1861. It now only remains to be proved that the Shakespeare born and buried at Stratford was not the man—not the Shakespeare—who wrote the plays. In fact, London after all contains more authentic relics of Shakespeare's day than does Stratford.

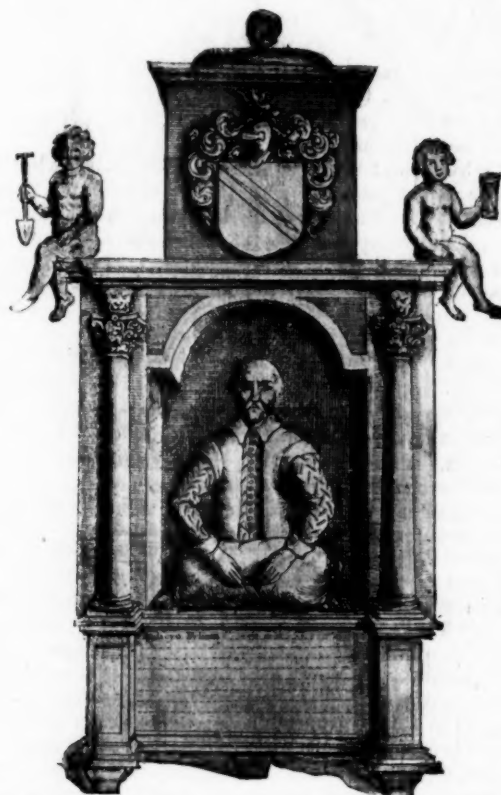
"SUNDAY," a new play by Messrs. Thomas Raceward, is a brilliant example of unreality, a bundle of old stage tricks reshuffled, of old characters in new dresses, of old coincidences—all old and never true to life. Why are such plays written, why are they acted, why, alas, are they applauded? So much good acting and so much good money expended in the effort to breathe life into

dry bones! How often have we met these uproarious and womanly-hearted American roughs, this orphan girl, this seductive younger son, his heroic elder brother, these shootings, shoutings and sham sentiments? How often again shall we look on them? The actor-manager only knows! Nothing good can be said for the play, and for the players—Mr. Fred Terry makes us mourn to see him wasting fine acting on a bad part; the rest are business-like but not persuasive, with one exception, which afforded the only relief. As Lively, a quaint old figure of a man, Mr. Horace Hodges acted admirably, with quiet pathos and natural humour; I hope to see him soon again in worthier surroundings.

The scenes are laid in Venice, in Florence and in the Princess Margaret's own Kingdom of Siguria, which may be taken as one of those kingdoms in Europe that keep more of the old romantic Court life, with its intrigues, its dramatic surprises, its dangers and its pleasures, than is possible in any of the capitals of the greater European nations. The heroine is an unmarried Princess, an absolute monarch. The hero is one of those English noblemen who have also the distinction of bearing an unimpeachable foreign title. He is a distinguished soldier, but, like Tolstoi, who also distinguished himself in war, Lord Feldershey has a real genius for art. He paints a famous picture which be-



THE BUST IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH,
AS IT IS TO-DAY



THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF THE BUST IN DUGDALE'S
"WARWICKSHIRE," PUBLISHED 1656

[Illustrations from "The Monthly Review"]

Mr. JOHN CORBIN in his article on Playgoing in London, in "Scribner's," makes one statement anent the parties in the pit which is a bad blunder:—"Let an American play turn up on the Strand or the Haymarket, and, leagued with his humbler relative, the god, he does his best to boo it into failure," he says, which is neither correct nor grateful. The rest of the article is good reading, though with some of the writer's theories concerning the why and the wherefore of the condition of our stage I cannot quite agree. To call Mr. Henry Arthur Jones "a robust and more intellectual Robertson" is far astray! The illustrations to the article are admirable. When will one of our magazines give as goodly a description and depiction of Playgoing in New York?

THE story of Mrs. Craigie's new comedy, "The Flute of Pan," is above all things a love story.

comes known as "The Flute of Pan." The character of the Princess is unconventional and independent, the inevitable result of her position, because princesses, from the very fact of their position, must either be weak and under the influence of stronger minds, or they must themselves dominate the minds about them. The difficulties of such high rank have great pathos, and in the part of the Princess Margaret, Miss Nethersole should have ample scope for her unique emotional gifts as much in the direction of humour as in the deeper feelings of humanity. There are no problems in the play, which is a comedy, but the question raised depends on the struggle which so often exists, especially in modern life, between love and pride, or rather between two prides. Who ought to surrender, the man or the woman? Perhaps the music of Pan might enchant either one or the other into the right course! But to say more would be to tell too much of the plot. Mr. Gilbert Hare and

Miss Sarah Brooke have been especially engaged for the production, which will take place in Manchester on or about April 21.

MRS. CRAIGIE has written a new play in collaboration with Mr. Edward Rose, "A Time to Love," which has been accepted by Messrs. Harrison and Maude for the Haymarket Theatre and by Mr. Nat Goodwin for production in America. Mr. Cyril Maude's part is said to be very "strong."

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LONDON SHAKESPEARE
COMMEMORATION, 1904

APRIL
22nd

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

**MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING**

In the LECTURE THEATRE
BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.

On Friday Afternoon, April 22nd
At 4 o'clock.

Preceded at 3.45 o'clock by a SHORT ADDRESS by
Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL.

The Play under the direction of Mr. WILLIAM POEL.
The Music under the direction of Mr. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

Reserved and Numbered Seats, 5s. and 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.
Tickets can only be obtained from the Secretary, ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY,
90 College Street, Chelsea, S.W., previous to the day of Performance.

Art Notes

THE Old Water-Colour Society gives us a most interesting show, due in some part to its being the centenary show no doubt, but due still more to the fact that the lists of members contain a remarkably strong body of good water-colour artists. To the catalogue, Mr. Spielmann contributes one of those interesting little histories of the Society which are a constant source of wonder to me for the vast knowledge and the enormous reading his art education must have involved. And what a gallery of great figures in the history of water-colour is here! What mighty ghosts walk this room! John Varley, George Barrett, Peter de Wint, Samuel Prout, David Cox, Copley Fielding, Linnell, John Sell Cotman, John Gilbert, Birket Foster, Burne-Jones, Fred Walker, Pinwell, Boyd Houghton, Frank Holl. And to-day the walls boast the handiwork and fine accomplishment of such men as Arthur Melville, John Sargent, R.A., Cameron, E. J. Sullivan, Sir Ernest Waterlow, Hopwood, Arthur Rackham, F. Cadogan Cowper, J. M. Swan, R.A., George Clausen, A.R.A.; and such clever women as Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale, Rose Barton and Clara Montalba. Mr. Melville gives us a very characteristic piece of work in his "The Music Boat," with its play of lights and waters. Mr. E. J. Sullivan has a remarkably fine picture to represent his work at the best in his "Lady Flora." Mr. John Sargent shows his large qualities and his masterly grip of water-colour in more than one fine work. There seems to be no medium in art which this man's genius does not master, and make a means to artistic ends. Mr. Swan, A.R.A., sends a delightful example of his fine colour sense. Mr. Arthur Rackham's art is as always delightful. Miss Brickdale is as interesting as ever; and Miss Clara Montalba sends a study in black and white and silver greys in her "H.M.S. Worcester" (on which ship Admiral Togo received his training, by the way), that shows her masterly eye for harmony. Indeed, the gallery is full of good things, from the poetic conceptions of its recruit, Cadogan Cowper, to the work of its President, Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A. Mr. Hopwood scores a success with his "Cottage Service in the Hebrides," as does Mr. Henry Marshall with his picture of the mother and child. There is here no narrow sense of a little academic clique. And it is a pleasant and refreshing thing to turn into such a gallery and enjoy the good works that it holds.

THE New English Art Club gives us a charming exhibition. John Sargent, R.A., returns to the scene of his old triumphs when London swarmed to see his works upon these walls; and he sends two very fine pictures. William Orpen steadily reaches forward to a brilliant career, and his picture of the mother bathing her child is likely to stand out in the memory for many a long day. He never touches a canvas to which he does not give distinction—and that by no shallow trick, but by sheer largeness of suggestion. David Muirhead shows a fine landscape, and Wilson Steer sends a vivid pulsating work of art in his "Richmond Castle." I liked much the resonant deep harmonies of Mr. Livens' canvases, particularly the beautiful "An Evening Meal" and the quaint "Early Compositions." Mr. James Henry wins success with his "West Coast Harbour"; and Mr. L. A. Harrison, besides his fine "Portrait Study," has a good landscape "Versailles." Mr. Furse, the newly-elected Associate of the Royal Academy, aims his way

towards high achievement with his vigorous and sun-filled canvas of "Timber Haulers," the great team of horses clanking and heaving and creaking in the lane. Mr. Hartrick sends a black and white drawing in his very best and most charming manner with "At Work in the Ewe-pen." And on all sides are canvases of charm or dignity or glowing colour. Altogether a most interesting exhibition.

MR. JOHN SWAN, A.R.A., holds a one-man show at the Fine Arts in Bond Street, "Drawings and Sketches of Wild Beasts," which are likely to lure many a stray visitor who passes out of the large room where Holman Hunt's world-famous "The Light of the World" is attracting crowds. Mr. Swan's exquisite mastery of colour harmony is displayed even in his sketches, in which also is the sure promise of the sculptor. Some of these sketches are of remarkable beauty. The use of blue paper for the white chalk line is most telling, and its effect very harmonious. Mr. Swan's line is resonant and eloquent—the drawing of the head of a lioness roaring giving the sense of the great catlike form and the thundering voice with a perfection that is orchestral. The beauty of Mr. Swan's colour is seen to great advantage in his treatment of lions and leopards and tigers—and the stealthy grandeur of the great cats receives its full expression from his pencil. Whether we take the white polar bear on the blue paper, or the water-colour drawing of "The Jaguar and the Fish," or "The Study of a Tiger," whether we dwell upon the splendid study of the white furry "Head of a Polar Bear" or the "Study of a Polar Bear," or the sleepy languor of a tiger, we are shown these things with a rare sense of beauty both of colour and texture and line. Mr. Swan brings to his art the great gifts of an eye for form, a noble sense of colour and an exquisite sense of harmony.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries may be seen a series of crayon drawings by Lucien Monod which have all that delicate charm that we associate with the work of the Frenchmen of the seventeen-hundreds—and Lucien Monod has much of their grace, some of their dainty decorative sense, and more than a little of their trifling superficial manner. They would make delightful ornaments for a boudoir wall; and they are fresh and light and airy things that do not fatigue the brain with their depth of feeling.

To Mr. John Baillie's exhibition of works by the poet colourist Mr. Cayley Robinson, to Messrs. Carfax's show of the works of Edward Calvert, and to the water-colours of Mr. T. L. Shoosmith, I must return next week. Mr. Cayley Robinson in particular cannot be dismissed in a short paragraph.

NUMBER nine of the second volume of "Art" contains some excellent process-blocks. There is a print of Laermans' "The Intruders"—the pathetic group of the wandering family of tramps thrust from the village and hustled from place to place. There is Gilsoul's beautiful landscape of "A Turning of the Bruges Canal," and of Lambeaux's remarkable "The Bitten Faun." And of the smaller blocks there is a good rendering of the moonlit "Night at Algiers" by Haverman, and of the beautifully spaced etching by Baertsoen of "Canal in a Town."

An exhibition of drawings and studies by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart., will shortly be held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, and promises to

be of a most attractive character. It has been organised with the assistance of Sir Philip Burne-Jones and will include over one hundred drawings, the majority of which will now be seen for the first time. Mr. Sidney Colvin, Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, will contribute a preface to the catalogue. In another room of the same galleries there will be an exhibition of a choice collection of old stipple engravings. A large number of these are proofs in colours, and are of great rarity. The opening of both exhibitions is fixed for April 18.

Musical Notes

HERR WEINGARTNER obtained a splendid performance of "The Dream of Gerontius" at the Queen's Hall last Saturday, and there-with the Kruse Festival made a most auspicious start; but two reflections of a less satisfactory nature suggested themselves in connection with the performance—to wit, the dearth of really first-rate English-speaking tenors at the present day, and the deplorable condition of London choral music just now. Three singers have now been heard in the part of Gerontius in London. The first was Dr. Wüllner, the second Mr. Coates and the third Mr. Gervase Elwes, who was heard last week. If Dr. Wüllner was a dead failure, it can hardly be maintained that either of his British successors was anything like what could have been desired. Yet, with the exception of Mr. Ben Davies, one can hardly think of any one else who would have been likely to do much better. What is the explanation? Has the land of Sims Reeves and Edward Lloyd ceased to breed fine tenors? Secondly you have the remarkable fact that at three out of the four performances of Elgar's work which have now been given in the Metropolis provincial choristers were employed—in the first instance from Staffordshire, in the second from Manchester, and last week from Sheffield. A more striking commentary upon the present condition of London choral singing could hardly be imagined.

THAT is a legitimate complaint which has lately been ventilated—in respect, to wit, of those impatient folk who at the end of a concert always will get up and begin to go before the final note has sounded. A sure sign of the Philistine this, it is a practice as inconsiderate as it is common. Even when no actual move is attempted there are those who must always be fidgeting about as the end draws near, picking up their things and preparing for flight as though a second's subsequent delay entailed untold evils. Occasionally, perhaps, there is some excuse—when it is a case of catching a train for instance. But in the ordinary way no such justification exists—the action is automatic and unthinking, and as such should be heartily condemned. No wonder Mr. Wood was moved to mute protest on this account the other day. An even more flagrant instance, it may be remembered, was that which occurred at the first Queen's Hall performance of "Ein Heldenleben."

THERE is another respect, too, in which Philistine concert-goers are often extremely irritating—in this case not at the end but at the beginning of a piece. Just as some will never listen to a work's closing bars, so others offend by not attending to its opening. This again is a sure sign of the musically uncultivated. There are certain works whose opening bars, one might almost say, are never really heard on this account

—the requisite silence for their proper appreciation is never forthcoming. Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony is one, the Scherzo of the "Eroica" is another. But the works whose endings suffer in a similar manner are of course much more numerous. Certain operatic finales suffer especially in this way—or perhaps one should say used to. For operatic audiences have improved wonderfully in this particular within recent years—with the advent of Wagner, in fact—and the fierce suppression of premature demonstrations of approval is now to be looked for as a matter of course. But the tendency is still there.

AMERICAN journalism has not failed to strike characteristic humour from such a promising theme as Strauss' "Sinfonia Domestica." "There are passages," says one writer, "suggestive of certain lectures and cholera infantum and interrupted games of 'skat' (of which the composer is reputed fond) and one noisy episode near the end might indicate a general cataclysm of household plumbing—with premonitions of bills for repairs." Others tell us of the music's inner meaning in greater detail. At this point Aunt Lotte and Aunt Aennchen fall out over the Baby's characteristics—"Like his father," cries one, "Like his mother," rejoins the other; later "the composer knocks off work and all sit down to *gemüthlichen Nachmittagskaffee*"; and so on. At the end Papa, prevented from having his customary constitutional by a thunderstorm, says something very like *Potztausend*; and on this mighty swear word, we are given to understand, the symphony concludes. The production of the work in this country will be eagerly awaited.

THE latest information regarding Mr. Manners' season of English opera at Drury Lane is hardly calculated to increase one's hopes as to the success of that venturesome project. Eight operas certainly seem a somewhat exiguous repertory for such an undertaking. These are to be, it appears, "The Bohemian Girl," "The Daughter of the Regiment," Halévy's "The Jewess," "Trovatore," "Mignon," "Lohengrin," "Martha," and "Faust"—with "Maritana," "Lily of Killarney," "Flying Dutchman," "Philemon and Baucis," "Tannhäuser" and Lortzing's "Peter the Shipwright" as possible reserves. Mr. Manners presumably knows his own business best, but the whole of these works would hardly have seemed too many to ensure the success of his enterprise. Still we shall see what we shall see. Every one will hope at least that Mr. Manners may confound his critics and secure the success which his enterprise deserves.

NOTHING is much more astonishing, perhaps, to the student of opera than to learn of the innumerable works composed in this form whose very names are unknown to the ordinary music lover. A rather striking instance of this is afforded by a list recently furnished in the New York "Musical Courier" of the operas which have been founded on "Don Quixote." Who would ever have believed that no fewer than fifty musico-dramatic settings of Cervantes' immortal romance have been attempted? Yet such is seemingly the fact. "Don Chisciotto della Mancia," by one C. Sajon, produced at Venice in 1680, was apparently the first of the series, and Rauchenecker's "Don Quixote" brought out at Elberfeld as recently as 1897, the last so far recorded; while at least four English composers (H.

Purcell, 1694; G. B. H. Rodwell, 1840; G. A. Macfarren, 1846; and F. E. Clay, 1875) were among those who tried their hand at the same task during the intervening period.

THE next meeting of the Concert-goers' Club will take place at St. James' Hall on the evening of April 22, when Mr. Henry J. Wood will deliver a lecture on "The Wood Wind of the Orchestra," illustrated by the Queen's Hall Wood Wind Quintet. Cards of admission, 5s. each, may be obtained from members of the club. This will be Mr. Wood's first appearance as a lecturer in London, though he has previously delivered the same discourse in the provinces, and a very entertaining and instructive address it is by all accounts. As a professor of voice production and a student of acoustics Mr. Wood should be able at least to make himself heard by his audience.

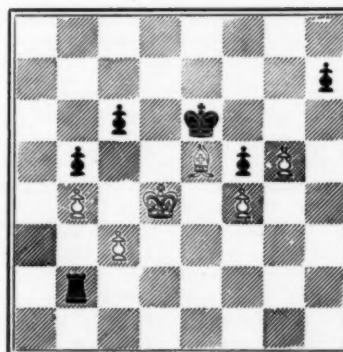
OF various songs to hand from Messrs. Leonard & Co. Mr. Joseph L. Roeckel's "Gossamer Dreams" has a pretty melody and a graceful accompaniment. "Since Last We Met" is more commonplace, but might please the unsophisticated. A "Gavotte de Noël" for piano solo, by Anton Strelezki, is eminently undistinguished; while of Sydney H. Gambrell's "March of the Cavaliers" and Arthur W. Hume's "Valse" entitled "Marguerite" the less said the better. "The Heart's Plaint," a vocal piece by Henry S. Perkins (Novello & Co.) if a little old fashioned in style is elevated in tone and written gratefully for the voice.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 4.

BLACK.



- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 6. B-K 3 | 6. Kt-K B 3 |
| 7. Kt-K 2 | 7. B-K 2 |
| 8. Kt-Q 2 | 8. O-O |
| 9. P-Q R 3 | 9. R-Q B 1 |
| 10. O-O | 10. P-Q 4 |
| 11. P-K 5 | 11. Kt-K 1 |
| 12. Q-K 1 | 12. P-K B 3 |
| 13. P x P | 13. R x P |
| 14. Q-Kt 3 | 14. Q-B 2 |
| 15. Q-R 3 | 15. P-Kt 3 |
| 16. B-Kt 5 | 16. R-B 2 |
| 17. P-K B 4 | 17. B x B |
| 18. P x B | 18. P-K 4 |

This is the critical point in the game. At first sight this move seems to gain the advantage, but White turns the tables on his opponent by a very fine combination.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 19. R x R | 19. Q x R |
| 20. R-K B 1 | 20. Q-K 2 |
| 21. P x B P | 21. P-K 5 |
| 22. Kt x P! | 22. Kt-K 4 |

If P x Kt, 23. B-B 4 ch., followed by R-B 7.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 23. Kt-B 6 ch. | 23. Kt x Kt |
| 24. P x Kt | 24. Q x P ch. |
| 25. Kt-Q 4 | 25. R-K B 1 |
| 26. Q-R 6 | 26. R-B 2 |
| 27. R-K 1 | 27. Q-Q 3 |
| 28. Q-K B 4 | 28. Kt-B 5 |
| 29. R-K 8 ch. | 29. R-B 1 |
| 30. P-B 7 ch. | 30. K-R 1 |
| 31. Q x Q and wins. | |

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We award a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 500. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize-winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[C ompetition Coupon on Cover.]

Correspondence

"Geometry of Position"

SIR,—To "the man in the street" the series of lucid articles on scientific and philosophic subjects appearing in THE ACADEMY is invaluable. In "Facts and Comments," page 203, Herbert Spencer, speaking of the phenomena of space, refers to "the marvellous truths now grouped under the title of 'The Geometry of Position.'" May I venture to beg that THE ACADEMY, or some of its readers, will help one of the mere "men in the street" to some information on this complex subject, or say where it may be found; also if it be scientifically demonstrated that figures in space possess other than three dimensions?—Yours, &c. STUDENT.

"The Living Mantle of God"

SIR,—In 1902 Mr. W. H. Mallock attempted the reconciliation of science with theology; but he only succeeded in making an intellectual desert and calling it peace.

Mr. Saleeby, in his article under the above title, seems to have essayed a like task with the same unfruitful result.

Having reduced the cosmos to energy, and made much of the fallible character of our senses, he leaves us without a guide in the dense metaphysical jungle into which he has led us.

Better anything—materialism even—than this. Better the knowledge of the senses—real at least to us—than this maze of ignorance in which we are told to be happy because, forsooth, we know not what may happen.

Let it be granted—as of necessity it must be—that we can

know nothing of external things except through the senses, and that our knowledge of phenomena may be quite different from that which to some superlative intelligence is the "reality." Shall we then throw away the only "reality" we can know because to a being differently constituted our conceptions might be untrue?

Mr. Saleeby would have us impatiently leave the pathway Science has laboriously made, and strike off blindly through the forest with no glimmer of an idea as to whither we go.

There is a possibility—nay, probability—that if we patiently follow Science she will one day lead us forth into the sunshine; but what hope have we if we plunge into the thickets of ignorance alone? Surely the "fool in his folly" was never so foolish.

May I add that it is unworthy of Mr. Saleeby to speak of the "notorious Haeckel"? That eminent and venerable biologist deserves something better than this squalid epithet.—Yours, &c. J. B. WALLIS.

"Of"

SIR,—Those who read Dr. Murray's letter on the demonstrative use of the preposition "of" which appeared in your columns some time since will be unable to agree with your correspondent, J. B. Wallis, that "friend of mine" is incorrect. That it is the exact equivalent of "my friend" is not apparent. In the sentence "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," the emphasis falls upon the word "friends"; but in the expression "He is no friend of mine," the lack of affinity betwixt two persons is demonstrated by the preposition followed by the strongly accented last word.—Yours, &c. FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

"Ursprung des Harlekin"

SIR,—This is by no means new. No doubt the learned German has succeeded in collecting a vast amount of evidence, but it is all on the old lines.

Wheeler's "Dictionary of Fiction," 1866, gives the general heads; Scheler in 1873 connects the forms from the French point of view.

One early form is "Alichino," in Dante's "Inferno," a demon, see xxi. 118, xxii. 112; then we have a suggestion put for Charles quint, and the Saxon "helle-cyn," or brood of hell; so there is much to choose from, but the real origin is still matter of controversy; it has very probably arisen from folk-speech, never reduced to writing; and that quagmire lies at the basis of everything, when we really treat of true origins.—Yours, &c. A. HALL.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

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Questions

LITERATURE.

BACON.—In Marlowe's "Faust" (Marlowe died in 1595) he speaks of "the sage Bacon," Aristotle and others as equally great names. Bacon published his "Advancement of Learning" in 1605. Are there any known grounds for thinking that Bacon produced anything before that time which would induce a man like Marlowe to assign him such a high place?—H.T. (Hiley).

[Continued on page 438.]

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"GENIUS."—"Genius," as Carlyle says, "is only an infinite capacity for taking pains." This (very inadequate) description of genius is constantly attributed to Carlyle. Did Carlyle ever give utterance to it? If so, when? I myself fancy it is put into the mouth of one of Sir Arthur Helps' characters in one or other of his dialogues.—J.E. (Zanzibar).

* "PHILOMOT."—In reading one of Addison's "Spectator" essays, I came across the following passage: "As I was standing in the hinder part of a box, I took notice of a little cluster of women-sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green." Can any one explain what colour "philomot" is? I have tried to trace it, but failed.—Fitzgeorge (Newcastle).

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S PEARLS.—Miss Edgeworth writes "Think of . . . Josephine and her Cisalpine pearls, and all the falsehoods she told about them to the emperor she revered." "Helen"—Ch. xxiii. What is the incident referred to?—H.C.

* STOP-WATCHES.—In Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Book III. chapter xii. occurs the following: "He suspended his voice . . . three seconds and three-fifths by a stop-watch." Were stop-watches, registering fractions of a second, known long before 1760? And were they of English invention?—P.L.B. (Tonbridge).

GENERAL.

OPERA PLOTS.—Is there any book published giving a short argument of operas, both serious and otherwise, and embracing more than the usual favourites? If so, who published it?—W.Z.

LONDON FOGS.—Lamb quotes "True London Particular" in his note on London fogs (Lucas' ed., p. 351, Vol. i.) What is he quoting from?—Viator.

"HEIGHO! SAYS ANTHONY ROWLEY."—At the end of the story of "the frog who would a-woeing go," comes this verse:

"So there was an end of one, two and three,
Heigho! says Rowley.
The rat, and the mouse, and the little froggie,
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho! says Anthony Rowley."

Can any reader explain the meaning of this apparent nonsense, especially of line four? Was there ever a person called Anthony Rowley? If so, what connection (if any) had he with "the frog who would a-woeing go"?—Blick.

LONDON STREET NUMBERS.—Can any reader tell me whether there is any road or street in London in which the numbers of the houses or shops run into one thousand? I know that the Fulham Road, the Old Kent Road and the Commercial Road all have numbers over nine hundred.—Statistica (South Kensington).

HARDING STREET, E.C.—Is it known from whom this name arose?—A.H.

AN OLD SHIP.—While looking over some old numbers of "The Times" recently, I came across the following: "The newly invented vessel, the 'Constellation,' intended to sail against wind and tide, arrived above Blackfriars Bridge on Saturday (November 22, 1811). The vessel is 50 feet in length, with only one mast, made of iron, and an upright windlass affixed to it. There are twelve horizontal sails, similar to the shape of window shutters, which are extended or shortened in an instant: the mast with all its appendages is, also, as quickly struck. She has neither blocks nor any running rigging, except a fore and aft stay and cable. Her guns, which are of curious mechanism, will keep their own elevation." Can any one say what became of this curious ship?—John P. Sinclair.

THE NEWDIGATE.—Is there any list available of the Newdigate Prize Winners since 1850, and how many of their prize poems have been published, and where?—Horace.

"TAKING A SIGHT."—Is not "taking a sight" considered an offensive gesture? Nevertheless in "Nell Cook" in the "Ingoldsby Legends" I read:

"The Sacristan he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But puts his thumb unto his nose, and spreads his fingers out."

Here the dumb-show implies incredulity. What is the origin of the expression?—Shrimp.

Answers

LITERATURE.

"SCORPE."—An ignorant spelling of *sculp*, which is a dialectal form of *sculp*; see the "Eng. Dial. Dict." One sense of *sculp*, in Lines, is a low bank of sand or mud, left uncovered at low tide.—Walter W. Skeat.

"BELLERUS."—Bellerus is an imaginary name of a Cornish giant. Milton coined it from Bellerophon, the name of a Cornish promontory near Land's End. He originally wrote Corineus, the name of a Cornish giant mentioned by Spenser in his "Mourning Muse of Thestylis," by which "Lyceidas" was to some extent inspired:

Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
Who, cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary lockes he tare, calling the heavens unkinde.

For the vision of the guarded mount and the angel that appears in St. Michael's, see Caxton's "Golden Legend."—Joseph Knight.

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines quoted by "N." are from Swinburne's poem "Super flumina Babylonis" in the "Songs before Sunrise." They are spoken by "the angel of Italy's resurrection" of any man who has given his life for her, i.e., for Italy.

How should he die?
Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head;

And then follow the lines:

He has bought his eternity with a little hour
And is not dead.
For an hour if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face. —F.P.

* AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines—

God's isher fills the hearts that bleed.
The best fruit loads the broken bough,
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovran seed

come from Gerald Massey's "Ballad of Babe Cristabel."—T. A. Archer (Oxford).

"THE ADVENTURES OF DON BELLIANIS."—Don Bellianis de Grecia is the hero of an old Spanish romance of chivalry, founded upon the model of the "Amadis de Gaula," but with much inferior art and on a coarser plan. It was written by Jeronimo Fernandez, and first appeared in 1547; it was translated into English in 1598, and an abridgement in English was published in 1673. It was one of the tales of knight-errantry which are recorded to have stood on the unfortunate shelves of Don Quixote.—M.A.C.

VIOLETS.—The violet is stated to have sprung from the earth on which flowed the blood of Ajax when he stabbed himself—although some authorities give the flower as the hyacinth. Dr. Young, in "The Instalment," adopts the former fact—

"As when stern Ajax poured a purple flood
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood."

Later on it became a popular notion that the violet might spring from the blood or body or grave of any person of pure and innocent character, and the flower became emblematic of innocence. Thus when Ophelia, in "Hamlet," Act iv. scene 5, says "I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died," she means that he was the last pure, noble character of the Court; and the exclamation of Laertes in Act v. scene 1, has reference to her chastity and innocence. The same idea is the foundation of the other quotations.—Joseph Nelson (Hull).

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—"L'Avocat Patelin" was first printed in 1490, and was supposed to be by one Pierre Blanchet. In the eighteenth century it was revived and put on the French stage by Brueys. Some alterations were made, but from the subject of the play it seems probable that "Revenons à nos Moutons" occurred in the first version, so that Blackmore need not have been guilty of an anachronism.—K.K. (Belfast).

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS" occurs in the trial scene of the "Avocat Patelin," a French farce of the fifteenth century. Professor A. Vinet (in his "Discours sur la Littérature Française") ascribes it to an unknown author. In 1706 Brueys (the author of "Le Grondeur") adapted this play for the Paris stage. The present rendering of it played at the Théâtre Français has again been modernised by J. Truffier, one of the Sociétaires of that theatre.—Ignoramus.

GENERAL.

"TICKHILL, GOD-HELP-IT."—A parallel is in "Kyme, God-knows"; the epithets are terms of compassion, thus:

"Kyme, God-knows; where no corn grows,
And, when we get a little hay,
The river washes it away."

It being situated low, in the marshy parts of Lincolnshire; but good for grazing. Both these places were noted of old; the former being the head of a Domesday honour, with estates in several counties; the latter a Barony, which fell to the Talbois family; one of whose widows, a Countess of Lincoln, was mother by King Henry VIII. of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond.—A.H.

"FEIGNETS."—What is the authority for this spelling? I thought the term, if written, would be "Feignit," i.e., I feign playing, I'm not really playing when I call "Feign it"; though still in the game; I have not altogether left off playing. Then "feignit" was used as a noun, e.g. "I had feignit when you touched me," to which noun a plural would arise in heated discussions—"You're always having feignits."—A.C. (Chelmsford).

* SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—Ireland was described by the Greek geographer Strabo (B.C. 64 to A.D. 21) under the name of Ierne. To the Romans it was known under various titles, its most common one being Hibernia. But as at the commencement of historic times it was largely peopled by the Scots, it also became known as Scotia. During succeeding centuries, as the Scots established themselves in the Northern portion of Britain, which had been called Caledonia by the Romans, the name Scotia extended itself to part of this country, conjointly with Ireland; but it was not until about the tenth century that Scotland (as we know it) alone was styled Scotia, or at first Nova Scotia, and the use of the name dropped entirely as far as concerned Ireland. Erin, or Ireland, therefore is the most ancient name of the Green Island; whilst it can also claim priority as far as the name of Scotia, or Scots'-land, over the part of Britain which now bears that name.—J.A.

"TO SLEEP AS SOUND AS A TOP."—I have frequently heard boys speak of tops which spin steadily and long as "asleep"; they always use the word "snore" of a top's humming.—T.McD. (Fermoy).

"SLEEP LIKE A TOP."—There are two derivations suggested for the above phrase. (1) When peg-tops and humming-tops reach what is termed the "come of their gyration," they become so steady that they do not seem to move. This is called sleeping. (2) From the French *taupe* (dormouse); Italian *topo*. Our translation is a perversion of "Egli dorme come un topo" or "Il dort comme une taupe." The latter is the less likely. Cf. French "Dormir comme un sabot."—H. Caris J. Sidnell.

NURSERY RHYME.—I see in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE of February 6 the counting-out rhyme beginning "Wonery, twoery, tickery seven." A possible variation of the above I have often heard used by children in the United States; it is as follows:

Wonery, twoery, ickery Ann,
Hollabone, crackabone, Nicholas John,
Kewry, kary, English Mary,
I, saw, tut.—W. R. Furness (Philadelphia).

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